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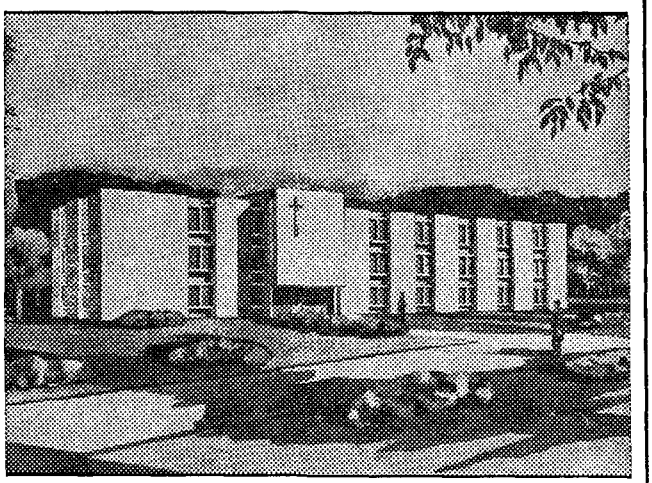

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Communism and the Pope

OF ALL THE responses that Pope John's encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*, could have been expected to arouse, perhaps none has been more startling than the general paralysis which has gripped American Catholics in the face of its implicit "opening to the left." For once it seems impossible to find any significant support for an important part of a major encyclical. The most common reaction has been either to deny that the encyclical represents any kind of change in the Church's thinking on Communism, or to restrict all comments to a cautious description of what the encyclical appears to be saying.

No major Church spokesman or theologian has publicly espoused the idea, so clear in the encyclical, that the times may require a different approach to Communism. Nor, for that matter, has there been any notable support for the current diplomatic negotiations now taking place between the Vatican and the Soviet Union.

The reasons for this paralysis are not hard to discern. For decades now, and especially since Pope Pius XI's encyclical, the Church has unequivocally opposed atheistic Communism. If the Church's position has never been as tight as many Catholic conservatives have supposed—even Pius XI granted some elements of truth to Communist ideology—it has nevertheless been sufficiently rigid to discourage any thought of rapprochement. As if to confirm the wisdom of the Church's stand, the persecution of the Church behind the iron curtain has provided ample empirical evidence of the conflict between Catholicism and Communism. To further seal an already tightly wrapped package, the constant proclamation of the conflict by Catholic leaders of all ideological shades has been one of the hallmarks of the contemporary Church—indeed, a vital part of its public image.

Thus any suggestion that the Vatican may be moderating its attitude is bound to have deep practical and psychological repercussions. For some, the encyclical appears to have provoked a great sense of uneasiness, a "crisis of confidence" in the Pope. For others, it has been the occasion of labored rationalizations, often tinged with the suggestion that the Pope, while a good and visionary man, is "unrealistic." Hardly anyone has defended the Pope or creatively seized upon his words.

THAT IS a shame, for the Pope has made an important, perhaps historical, attempt to change the direction and tenor of the Cold War. He is surely visionary; but that does not mean he is unrealistic. As many would have it, the Pope should simply go on repeating the positions of his predecessors—he should, if they could have their way, hurl the same old anathemas in the same old ways. But the very wisdom of Pope John lies in his unwillingness to do just that; it lies in his refusal to solve the problems of the present generation with the solutions of the past.

Nothing, for instance, could be more realistic than the sharp distinction the Pope draws between "false philosophical teachings regarding the nature, origin, and destiny of the universe and man" and "historical movements that have economic, social, cultural or political ends." Such movements, he holds, "cannot avoid . . . being subject to change, even of a profound nature."

These are not the words of a man out of contact with the real world; on the contrary, they have in them a far more sensitive awareness of the contingencies of history and time than those who accept the patently false claim of the Communists that their system is necessarily resistant to change. How can anyone claim that Communism is a monolith in the face of the disputes between China and the Soviet Union, the waywardness of Tito and the contrast between Khrushchev and Stalin? Certainly these discrepancies between Communist scholasticism and the facts of Communist life have brought no one

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freedom. But they do show that it is a mistake to assume as an article of faith that Communism cannot change: it has already changed and no one can say infallibly where this change will stop.

If we read the encyclical correctly, all the Pope seeks is some degree of flexibility in the Church's dealing with Communism. He does not seek to compromise with, much less to deny the evils of, Communist theory and practice. But Pope John is a realist. He knows that the danger of nuclear war is a very real one; he knows that some middle way must be found between abject surrender to Communism and nuclear annihilation; he knows that a more effective Christian response to Communism must be fashioned if the Church is to have some impact on the world crisis; he knows that even the Communist remains a human being and that, God willing, he too can be redeemed.

In the end, the painful thing about the encyclical is that it challenges almost all of the common conceptions about the struggle between Christianity and Communism. For decades now the free world has been both fascinated and repelled by the brutalities of Communism; too often, it has responded in kind to the methods of totalitarianism. In the eyes of the world the Pope's error is that he expresses Christian hope and believes in God's providence. We concede the danger of such things: they put us all in the uncomfortable position of having to ask whether we believe there can be a distinctively Christian confrontation with Communism—one which does not hedge its hopes with the weapons of mammon.

Integrated Ads

ADMEN get their share of criticism in this country. Being the creators and marketers of public images, there is a certain plausibility in turning to them for a view of American society today. It is good, then, to be able to cite a recent award to three advertisers for their use of Negro models in their ads.

The companies are the New York Telephone Company, Chemical Bank New York Trust Company, and Trans World Airlines. The awards came from New York Mayor Wagner's Committee on Job Advancement which, along with several other organizations, has been promoting the use of "integrated advertising."

Owing to the significance of advertising in affecting ways of looking at things, if not ways of acting, it is no little thing that these advertisers should have the boldness of vision to introduce an integrated society into their material. For one thing, such ads may serve as a constant reminder that what is sought in the current struggle is not just a desegregated country, but a truly integrated one. The image which such ads present is opposed alike to the vision of the White Citizens' Councils and that of the Black Muslims.

It is true that it will take more than ads to effect the kind of brotherhood we seek. But it is also true that brotherhood very often makes itself felt first on the level of buying and selling, in the market place. These companies have set a good precedent, which, hopefully, other courageous advertisers will follow.

The Ethics of Lobbying

THE CONTROVERSY over the Philippine war claims has been a confusing one, with many ramifications difficult to judge on the basis of news reports. To the $400 million already paid, Congress has voted to add $73 million. The latter sum, widely regarded in Congress as something of a windfall to the Philippines, was originally agreed upon, then denied. This brought such an uproar from the Philippines—including the cancellation of President Macapagal's trip to the United States and the change in the Philippine independence day from July 4 to a date in June—that Congress reconsidered and approved the additional $73 million.

Then a fresh controversy arose over whether the money should go to individual claimants, as originally agreed upon, or to the Philippine government itself. The Senate and House disagreed, then once again decided to honor the original agreement and pay individuals. The case for payment directly to the government was set forth by Senator Fulbright when he pointed out that the aim of the Philippine Rehabilitation Act, under which the payments are being made, was to bolster the Philippine economy. His view, which did not prevail, was that since more than half of the $73 million would go to one per cent of the claimants, and since many of these are companies not even located in the Philippines today, the economy would more likely be helped by payment to the government.

The discussion was further confused by the role of John O'Donnell, Washington lobbyist, who is known to have received large sums from some claimants—among them two Catholic organizations—with more fees to come. According to Senator Fulbright, Mr. O'Donnell and an associate, Ernest Schein, have already received a million dollars from claimants. The disclosure raises some interesting questions. For one, if the claims are just, why is such highly-paid lobbying necessary? Other questions deal directly with the ethics of lobbying. Legislators are traditionally sensitive to the influence of lobby-

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ists, particularly when the lobbyists in question are hired to wheedle more money out of Congress. Since the lobbyist's fee—often a percentage—comes out of the Congressional appropriation, a good many legislators feel they are paying to have their own arms twisted. But more than this is involved in the case of John O'Donnell. The other pertinent facts are that Mr. O'Donnell was a member of the Philippines War Damage Commission, and that after he became a lobbyist, he made campaign contributions to at least twenty Congressmen while the claims were before Congress. As a commissioner of the War Damage panel, Mr. O'Donnell served the United States in a quasi-judicial post, presumably accumulating a good deal of information on the merit of the claims and how the government dealt with them. The ethics of becoming an advocate for parties he had been dealing with as judge are not at all clear. Many may feel as we do, that there is something repugnant about this, even though no present law seems to deal with the situation. These are the same uneasy feelings aroused from time to time by the news that a former Pentagon general has been hired by a defense contractor.

The questions raised by Mr. O'Donnell's campaign contributions are perhaps in a less shadowy area, but again the ethics of the situation are not well defined. Lobbyists may say they have the right of any citizen to give no-strings-attached aid to candidates of their choice. But whatever the motives of the donor, at what point does a contribution by a lobbyist come under the heading of bribery? Or, to shift the focus, large corporations and labor unions lend financial support to candidates who can generally be counted on to defend their direct interests; we generally think of this as legitimate, and of the contributions of lobbyists as illegitimate. But again the criteria for judgment are not at all well defined, and we are left with random feelings of vague distaste, often depending on our personal point of view. Probably very few of us would care to defend Mr. O'Donnell's activities in toto, but as we said they have raised some interesting questions and set the stage for open discussion. In approving the Philippine claims, Congress has ruled that none of the money should be paid out to Mr. O'Donnell. Though it is difficult to see how Congress can enforce this ruling, at least it may presage a full investigation of the ethical problems involved.

Project Apollo

THE UNITED States has virtually committed itself to a "crash program" to land a man on the moon as soon as possible, or at least before the Russians do. Yet at the present time, when the funds requested by the space agency are up for approval before the House, the high priority of the program is being subjected to an agonizing reappraisal. There seem to be increasing misgivings over the costliness and the motives behind Project Apollo.

It is well that the moon-shot program should receive a thoughtful review. The project is indeed costly; by 1970, the first projected deadline, it is estimated that it will have cost seventy billion dollars. Most of next year's nearly seven-billion-dollar space budget is assigned to the project. But what is being debated is not so much the cost itself, as its deflection of funds which would otherwise be available for more immediate problems, such as education. The project, it is urged, should be examined "within the framework of fiscal responsibility."

Admitting a certain *prima facie* plausibility to these arguments, it is in fact highly doubtful that even the monies left over from a reduced space program could be readily adopted for domestic programs which are having their own share of trouble in being put into action. Besides, it is really not the money which is crucial in this case. President Kennedy has given his assurance the nation has sufficient resources to put a man on the moon and to conduct the other programs as well.

A more serious objection to the manned space flight program comes from the fact that it is a drain on the human scientific and technical resources available to other vital areas of research. Almost all of some thirty thousand engineers and scientists that will be entering research this year, for example, will be absorbed by the space program. Yet recently Dr. Harold Urey of the University of California deplored a lack of first-rate scientists in the space agency. Perhaps there could be a better balance between numbers and leaders here. In any case the concentration of scientists on the program is unavoidable as long as it is given priority.

What is most serious in the current debate is the very priority of the program, or rather the reasons for it. It is generally assumed that the chief reason for the high priority accorded to Project Apollo lies in the world prestige which will accrue to the first nation that succeeds in putting a man on the moon. There should be no discounting this propaganda value, yet it should not be forgotten that the chief values of a moon venture are scientific and human.

Writing recently in the New York Sunday *Times Magazine*, Sir Bernard Lovell, director of Britain's Jodrell Bank Experimental Station, argued that the astronomical observations alone that could be made from the moon will answer vital questions about the early history and evolution of the cosmos. That alone would be enough to justify the venture scien-

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tifically. But beyond this, and surmounting it, there is the human case, which in a sense makes its appeal beyond all argument. As Sir Bernard remarks, "it can be ignored only by those who are blind to the teachings of history, or who wish to suspend the development of civilization at its moment of greatest opportunity and drama."

All considered, the arguments conspire to support the priority which Project Apollo has received, though with a slightly different balance of reasons. In short, the space agency should get the money it needs and be trusted to use it wisely. As for the pace of the program, it is hard to see how it could be "slowed down" without risking the entire effort. We cannot be assured of reaching the moon first, but not to strive to would seem to betray a destiny.

Faith Without Works?

WHEN LEO XIII issued the first of the great social encyclicals seventy years ago, he had to contend with the notion that religion is a private matter without social implications. He and his successors have had to overcome stubborn opposition to the idea that Christianity belongs solidly in the market place. In our pluralistic society, where religion is effectively kept out of the public school curriculum, for example—and where there are no confessional parties or labor unions—the conviction that religion means simply the personal relationship between each individual and his Maker is still widespread.

Some such notion must have provided the logic for the recent decision of the Internal Revenue Service to revoke the tax exempt status of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, a peace organization that works primarily through a variety of Protestant churches. Only last September the New York Supreme Court, after lengthy investigation, held that the Fellowship was indeed a religious organization to which monetary contributions could be made on a tax-deductible basis.

The federal government, however, now holds otherwise. It argues that the quest for international reconciliation, disarmament and peace is a political rather than a religious activity—which betrays, for one thing, a startling unfamiliarity with the leadership and membership of the organization. A second contention is the Fellowship's objective of world peace can be attained only through legislation, whereas the organization's principal work is educational, an effort to develop in individual Americans desirable attitudes toward others. It is highly significant that the Fellowship of Reconciliation has neither a Washington office nor lobbyists, that it has no political program.

A damaging aspect for the government's side of the case is the summary way the Fellowship has been handled. In the three years and more the investigation has been in process officials of the organization have had no real opportunity to examine the charges made against it or to present witnesses to testify in its defense. The adverse ruling itself calls for immediate compliance.

But the arbitrary nature of the judgment which led to the deprivation of tax-exempt status after thirty-seven years is demonstrated by the three examples the Internal Revenue brief singled out as examples of "political" rather than "religious" activity: protesting the injustices perpetrated against Japanese-Americans after Pearl Harbor; seeking during the 1950's to make surplus American foodstuffs available to famine-stricken Chinese; protesting recourse to mass-destruction thermonuclear weapons.

WASHINGTON REPORT

The Crisis in Birmingham

AS THIS IS written, Washington waits uneasily for further developments in Birmingham, Alabama, after the truce in the racial crisis there degenerated into violence. Up to this point, President Kennedy has managed the federal government's part in this difficult situation with admirable skill. The coolness, self-discipline and intellectual detachment that are among his leading qualities have served him well. He has given the nation an excellent demonstration of calm leadership as well as an insight into the true character of politics.

From the very first, Mr. Kennedy was under pressure to make a bold statement or to engage in some dramatic action. But the President and his brother Robert, the Attorney General, are not private individuals. As two of the highest officers of the government, they cannot indulge themselves in the luxury of personal gestures. They have always to bear in mind the consequences and implications of anything they do and the precedents they may be setting. There is no doubt where their private sympathies lie. The shocking photographs of dogs lunging at Negroes and of firemen playing powerful streams of water on peaceful citizens were as offensive to them as to most other people. There is no reason to doubt the authenticity and steadfastness of their convictions about racial justice. But the problem was how to bring the government's influence to bear in the most useful way.

Every political leader has the choice between using

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his power and his influence. Mr. Kennedy in the early crucial days chose to use his influence. This is not to say that he did not have requisite legal power to intervene in some manner. Although no recent federal statutes and no court orders were involved in Birmingham, the President, if he wished, could have immediately called upon the Civil Rights Acts passed during Reconstruction. Or he could simply have intervened and let the lawyers think of explanations later. Even then, if he had used marshals or the armed forces to protect the right of the Negroes to assemble peacefully, the country would have supported him, at least for the short term. But Mr. Kennedy and other federal officials naturally wanted to avoid a policy that might lead to the military occupation of a major city.

FROM the viewpoint of the Negroes themselves, early federal intervention was questionable. Their non-violent protests are not intended as a pretext for federal intervention; their pacifism is not a facade for the use of superior federal force against local police. As Christians, they are making an appeal of conscience to their white brothers against the sin of segregation. Without their strong Christian faith to sustain them, many of the Southern Negroes and the ministers who lead them would not be making this fight. These are rebels who go to jail singing hymns and carrying Bibles. Whenever possible, they should be allowed to wage and win their fight in their own way.

The President was wise to limit the government's initial role to intensive mediation and conciliation and to avoid endangering that effort by making public statements. What he said at his May 8th press conference was good and what he carefully avoided saying was even better. The purpose of the struggle in Birmingham, after all, was not to give Mr. Kennedy an opportunity to win editorial applause by making thrilling public statements about human rights or taking dramatic action. These could always come later if they were unavoidably necessary. The purpose of the struggle was to win substantive rights for the Negro citizens. To this end, Burke Marshall, the Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights, labored heroically in Birmingham.

The nature of the Negro demands in Birmingham actually made mediation more advisable than any legal coercion. The Negroes not only want desegregation of public facilities and downtown eating places but they also want industrial firms to upgrade the quality of jobs open to them and to establish a bi-racial citizens committee to talk about community problems. Courts can compel the desegregation of schools and restaurants, but they have no jurisdiction over job problems, and the outlook for either a state or a federal Fair Employment Practices Act is not bright. Similarly, courts cannot compel whites and Negroes to form committees and talk together.

To make any headway on these larger, more diffuse problems, the Negroes have to reach the men of power in the white community. Where these men meet their responsibilities as they have in Atlanta, desegregation goes forward peacefully. Where they have shirked their responsibilities as they have in Birmingham, conflict inevitably occurs. One has only to contrast the words written in recent years by Ralph McGill and the other editors in Atlanta with the extraordinarily unctuous "open letter" which the publisher of the *Birmingham News* addressed to President Kennedy. The same contrast could be pointed up between the bankers and businessmen of Atlanta and the reactionary industrialists of Birmingham, who did little to prevent a head-on clash.

Attorney General Kennedy and other officials have long foreseen this crisis and have been trying to head it off. They protested the timing of the Negro demonstrations just before a newly-elected Mayor takes over who is pledged to racial moderation and whose right to hold office has been contested in the courts by the previous city administration. But the President has acknowledged privately that a racial protest, like a union strike or any other mass affair, develops a momentum of its own and its leaders cannot indefinitely manipulate the timing. More important, the Administration kept the lines of communication open both to the Negro and the white leaders. Despite early rebuffs and disappointments, this behind-the-scenes effort to get both sides talking and keep them talking was pursued seriously and may yet achieve results.

There has to be a middle way between doing nothing and relying upon court orders or military coercion. That middle way is politics, in the broadest and best sense of the word. It means persuasion, pressure, negotiation, and maneuver. Former President Eisenhower was often criticized, and justly so, for his failure to give leadership to the cause of desegregation. The point of this criticism did not have to do with his well-publicized refusal to endorse the school desegregation decision. Even less did it mean that he should have openly joined Negro leaders in a crusade. The point was rather that General Eisenhower rarely used his influence and political skills to sustain, encourage, and mediate for those who were in the front lines of the battle for racial justice. President Kennedy, a thorough-going politician, has understood this point much better. He is not a crusader and he is not going to confuse his responsibilities with those of a private individual such as the Rev. Martin Luther King. But as President of the United States, he will, until forced to do otherwise, use his influence on behalf of justice in ways that are effective yet do least damage to the sense of community that binds us as a nation.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

(William V. Shannon is The Commonweal's regular correspondent in Washington.)

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Hoffa Forever?

TEAMSTERS' president Jimmy Hoffa has a most impressive set of enemies. Newspaper editorialists, television commentators, Senator McClellan, AFL-CIO president George Meany, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, the public at large—almost everybody, it seems, except rank and file members of the Teamster's Union. The teamsters themselves read the papers, they watch the TV shows, they listen to the charges—and then they go right out and vote for Hoffa.

The latest example of the hold Hoffa has on his membership took place in Philadelphia, where a rebel group conducted an all-out battle to get out from under the rule of a Hoffa henchman. An earlier NLRB election was won by the Hoffa forces, but only by a slim margin, and the results were set aside because of intimidation and violence in the campaign. This time around, it seemed like there was a real chance for the Hoffa-must-go movement.

The Philadelphia revolt did not represent a falling-out among established Teamster leaders; it was a genuine rank-and-file movement. Its leaders campaigned hard, aided, it is said, by AFL-CIO money and talent, and Hoffa was worried; he personally directed the campaign, at a cost to the Teamsters reported to have run around $200,000.

Hopes among the rebels and outside observers for a Hoffa set-back ran high. Yet when the votes were counted, it was found that the Teamsters in Philadelphia had supported the Hoffa slate by a two-to-one majority. What could have been Hoffa's biggest set-back since the Teamsters' ouster from the AFL-CIO on corruption charges was turned into a large-scale personal victory. What can one make of this?

For one thing, it should be clear to everyone by now that the Teamsters' rank-and-file tend to line up with Hoffa—not with his accusers. Truck-driving is a hard way to make a living, and truck-drivers live in a little world of their own—what sociologists would call, I suppose, a sub-culture. If Hoffa cuts a few corners, I think their feeling is, he is only doing what "anyone" in his spot would do. They identify with the tough-talking, rough-acting Hoffa, not with Bobby Kennedy—indeed, there is nothing Hoffa likes better than the chance to run against the Attorney General with the Boston accent.

Furthermore, there is the undeniable fact that the Teamsters' Union has meant money-in-the-pocket for its members. They're getting theirs, and apparently they don't object too strenuously if their leaders use their positions for their own benefit as well. The Teamsters may have a bad reputation with the general public, but this fact does not bother individual members very much—indeed, the knowledge that this is so may only contribute to the already prevalent "us against the world" mentality.

The Hoffa victory will be hard for many people to swallow, and for none more than those who have always felt that internal union problems would disappear under the sunshine of union democracy. Let there be a free ballot, they argued, and certain unions would cease to pursue only narrow self-interest; let the people speak, and the common good will be served. Well, the people spoke in Philadelphia, and by a secret ballot, and Hoffa swamped his opponents.

Actually, union democracy is like democracy anywhere; it has its built-in risks and it often demands a high price. Union democracy, like any democracy, can rise no higher than its members; in some unions democratic procedure has produced only demagogues who compete with each other in inflaming the membership with impossible and irresponsible demands. Indeed, there are often good points that can be made against union democracy; the best argument for it remains the ultimate argument for democracy in general: not that it is so good, but that the alternatives are so much worse.

On the basis of the voting in Philadelphia, I am willing to concede that Hoffa has strong rank-and-file support. It may even be that in a national Teamsters' plebiscite he would win by just as big a margin. What does that mean?

To me, it means that the campaign against Hoffa has been off on the wrong foot ever since it started. In the long run the members of the Teamsters would be better served by other leadership, and I see no reason the Teamsters could not be led—and better led—by a Walter Reuther rather than a Hoffa. The trouble is, though, that Hoffa has been turned into a martyr.

In the minds of the rank-and-file, Hoffa's enemies have not been identified with the George Meanys and Walter Reuthers and James Careys; instead his major enemies are seen as Senator McClellan, Bobby Kennedy, the national magazines and large newspapers—many of whom are thought to be anti-labor in the first place. Hoffa has been able to play the role of the defender of labor, and he has played it to the hilt, with the results we have just seen.

What of the future? One thing is sure, I think: Hoffa is stronger than ever, and unless the recent indictment against him for jury-tampering sticks, his opponents will have to try an entirely new tack. As things look now, at any rate, Hoffa is likely to be in office longer than his No. 1 opponent, Attorney General Robert Kennedy.

JAMES O'GARA

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Life in Haiti: Voodoo and the Church

JEREMIE BREDA

ON THE SURFACE, the present political crisis in Haiti might suggest that it is simply one more Latin American nation undergoing a traditional upheaval. There is much in such a view but it neglects the importance of some central realities in Haitian life. For Haiti, unlike many Latin American countries, has a curious cultural and religious life, unlike anything to be found elsewhere. North American news readers, for instance, may well suppose that priests and bishops have been expelled from Haiti and that Church property is pillaged for reasons similar to those that have brought violence to the Church elsewhere in Latin America. A few of the same pressures do exist in Haiti. But there is also a very special Haitian pressure, a pressure older than Christianity itself, one that many modern Christians let themselves forget. It is paganism that brings the Church a special problem in Haiti. But Haiti's paganism is paganism with a difference—for the modern Haitian pagan, in a curious way, depends on the Church.

A brief look at this paganism, or vaudou (usually spelled "voodoo" in English, though the English spelling does violence to the pronunciation of the word), is necessary if one is to understand the symbiosis, for the Haitian, of vaudou and Catholicism. To start, the rituals involve dance and music, sometimes culminating in the "possession" of some serviteurs by *loa*—invisible members of the spirit world who take over the body of the possessed person. The reality of a possession is often established by the ability of a person to do things ordinarily physically impossible for him: for example, an old man climbs a high tree like a monkey, or a girl handles a red hot iron without feeling pain. As if this were not odd enough, many parts of the ritual are borrowed from Catholic ritual, Catholic images appear on the altar, and participants are "prepared" for certain stages by fulfilling Catholic obligations.

But if occasionally sensational, the rituals in vaudou are probably less important than the frame of mind which they express. "In this pagan religion," one authority has written "there are no unbelievers and no non-practicing adepts, though the practices vary immensely among individuals." One reason for this, no doubt, is that vaudou constitutes part of the childhood of nearly every Haitian. Thus to liken the intimacy of vaudou for a Haitian to that of his own body is not farfetched: for the drumbeats, even of playing children, can absorb the consciousness as thoroughly as the sound of one's heart. Though unabashedly pelvic, much of the dancing and drumming constitutes as innocent and irrepressible an element in Haitian childhood as, in American childhood, do hopscotch, hoola hoops, and baseball cards.

YET despite its pervasiveness, vaudou does not possess a single official hierarchy, a center for disseminating theological thought, or a body of learned thinkers who maintain doctrine. Ceremonies follow certain cycles of nature or Catholic feasts; there is no Sabbath in vaudou though Saturday night tends to become one. It can, however, be called a religion, and not folklore, because it does treat of such questions as creation, death and immortality. Ceremonies occur at such times in life as marriage, birth, sickness, and the consecration of *houngans*, the vaudou priests. It involves deities and performs solemn sacrifices.

In this last respect, very few Haitians have a notion of "family" that does not include family divinities. An upper-middle-class family whom a friend of mine knows recently celebrated the daughter's graduation from one of Port-au-Prince's best convent schools by paying the family *houngan* to conduct a *manger*, a feasting ceremony which brought the girl's achievements to the attention of what some Haitian writers have called the family *lares*. The typical scene is not without charm—but a corollary is that the same family believes that the *manger* would bring them evil if even one member of the family had refused to take part. One of the main causes of bad fortune in general—and a great deal of bad fortune is always at hand in this poorest country of the Western Hemisphere—is taken to be the presence of a non-cooperator in a family. The pressures brought to bear upon the skeptic are great.

But vaudou relies on pressures other than social,

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though among Haitians, for whom gregariousness is a high, ultimate value, social pressures are compelling. The adept, for instance, can never for long forget death. The most obscene of the dances are usually performed by a *guédé*, who, when he isn't dancing, lives in a cemetery. At the brilliant opera-ballet, "La Consécration de Macaya Roi," performed recently at Port-au-Prince's *Théâtre de Verdure*, Guédé sat waiting to dance in an open tomb, like a man sitting in a bathtub. At carnival and ra-ra times, masquers whose costumes symbolize sex and death parade through the streets.

The actual practices in vaudou which the church cannot condone were listed by Bishop Kersuzan of Cap Haitien in 1895: degrading dances, use of objects in superstitious ways (amulets, etc.), actual orgies which include the sacrifice of animals and gestures honoring the victims before sacrifice, and finally, undignified ceremonies and rites over sick and dying persons. When individuals deny that they are vaudouisants (and to white strangers they almost always do deny it) they are likely to mean that they do not practice everything.

A brilliant student who told me that he attended ceremonies "to please his mother" went on to explain that the serviteur lives in a different world from that of the non-serviteur. "You whites walk out in the morning and a butterfly crosses your path," he said to me, "and you think it's pretty and forget it. But for some of us that butterfly would have significance that affects the entire day, even maybe an entire life. All events are connected—it's a different world!" The point is that, though some aspects of vaudou are innocent and though others parallel Christian doctrines, this paganism can eventually forge totally committed minds. Vaudou habituates its adepts to colored contact lenses; if the lenses should be snatched away, the adept would suffer a period of painful blindness.

In the case of expulsions of clergy in the past, the Haitian government has not, of course, mentioned vaudou. The word is almost taboo in public pronouncements that might be quoted in foreign newspapers. The reason given for the most serious expulsion, that of the Archbishop of Haiti, was that he meddled in politics by helping some student strikers protesting about the government's failure to provide any information about a student arrested some months earlier. The accusation terms as *political* the problem of a Christian in a position to help a boy threatened with arrest by the malevolently brutal Haitian army-police. It is no casuistry to say that such acts cannot be construed as meddling in government until the present Haitian regime at least partially fulfills the ordinary definition of a government.

A friend who claimed that clerical meddling exists could give as an example, after some hemming and hawing, only that four years ago the church refused to hold a *Te Deum* for a newly elected official. Still another friend, a university student, said that the priests had been destroying priceless relics of "folklore," by which, I suppose, he referred to their pulling down the dead chickens that one sometimes finds hung along pathways or tearing the rags from "dressed" crosses in cemeteries. He did not, I don't think, refer to the Tainos relics donated by churchmen to the National Museum of Ethnology a generation ago after the public vaudou "rejection" campaign.

THE REJECTION campaign offers a good clue to the government's behavior. By the thousands, Catholics "rejected" vaudou, physically destroyed family deities, and applied to priests for cards that would henceforth permit them to receive the sacraments. The success of the campaign can be understood when one reflects that vaudou, like ancient paganism, holds the faithful in a net of fear. The rejection of fear can take place dramatically in a few minutes. The old man is cast off.

Yet the campaign eventually foundered because of its success; the government of the time, dependent on a status quo, permitted *houngan*-stimulated terrorism in churches, and thereby demonstrated its own fear that if the structure should start crumbling, it might crumble completely and rapidly—and probably a government could crumble with it, for the *houngans* are usually men of local political power. President Duvalier, not a young man, must remember very well the rejection campaigns of twenty years ago.

There are other reasons for the present persecution of the Church. The government may well covet Church property, and it may well feel vindictive that the Church does not accept the flagrant immorality and cruelty of its officials. But very many qualified observers agree that the main reason is the government's desire to control the Church—and that it wants to do so because Haitian paganism depends on Catholicism. Vaudou and a certain vicarious, race-complicated, and vague Marxism remain, after six years of non-accomplishment and terror, the only supports that the President can turn to besides his U.S.-supplied burp guns. But he can depend no longer on the support of the U.S., and so anything that can strengthen the other two elements interests him.

His aim in the clerical expulsions was probably to rid Haiti of some especially thorny Church personalities in the hopes of retaining a clergy that will be pliable. Or he may have felt that the Church, which has a great deal to lose in Haiti, will consciously adopt a policy of appeasement now that he has shown he means business. He may, also, envision complete expulsion. At the same time, if he weakens the Church, he will eventually weaken vaudou, for, as has been suggested, vaudou has evolved in such close contact with the Church that valid Church rituals are necessary to its existence.

If the Church, in its wrestling with vaudou, faces the complexity of a culturally embedded trait, Duvalier, in

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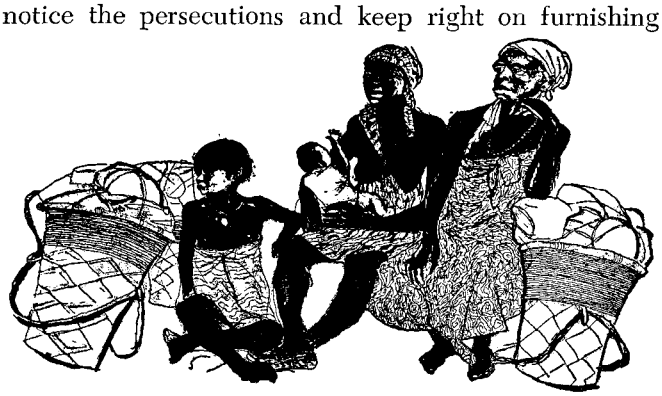
opposing the Church faces the same thing. The Church has played an important role throughout Haitian history. The uprooted slaves were barbarously Christianized upon arrival; during the first half-century after independence the island was plagued with defrocked, renegade, and charlatan priests who were probably efficient about ritual if nothing else. For a century now its role has been exemplary. The Church too is part of a Haitian's childhood, part of what maintains a family, part of the meaning of life. Few ordinary Haitians picture a Haiti without Catholic priests. And, of course, the predominantly white religious constitute also part of the painful contact with the white world—painful, yet certainly preferable to haphazard journalists, diplomats, and Marines.

THE CLERGY form part of Haitian culture in another way, for they stand at the base of Haitian formal education. In themselves, they are a breed apart, as select and tough-minded a collection of idealists as can be found. Most come from middle-class Breton families and were trained for their jobs in a seminary in Brittany that, until the last few years, was subsidized by the Haitian government. The agreement has been that they would supply parishes and schools to Haiti.

They are an aggressive-minded, vocal, and colorful lot, a sort of Foreign Legion of the clergy. Many lead lives of physical hardship and adventure: they come to Haiti with the intention of dying there. Their only fault is that there are not enough of them. The country is still less than ten percent literate though the religious cheerfully teach classes of a hundred pupils at times. The secondary education they dispense at St. Louis de Gonzague and St. Martial in the capital successfully prepares students for top American and European universities. "Congregationist" education is very much criticized, usually by people who do not take into account the problems facing the brothers. Even the most enthusiastically anti-clerical, however, cannot accuse the Bretons of having failed to form cadres that could man an effective national system.

The immediate problem of the Church, assuming that it will stay in Haiti, is how to face the hostility of the government. The Church might conspire not to notice the persecutions and keep right on furnishing



schools, penicillin, bread, and sacraments in the hope that persistence will finally amount to something. "After all," a retired priest, a charming, optimistic bearded old man, said to me, "if after a century you have even twenty percent of the people, you are doing better than the early Christians did during the first century." One must never forget that the Church is dealing with an illiterate, uprooted people barred from the twentieth century, and even, in a sense, from realization of themselves, by the white man's dislike of their color, by insularity, and by destitution.

But few churchmen in Haiti shared the old priest's attitude. For one thing, most interpret the present government as something genuinely new in Haiti's history of tyranny. Most are convinced that the government is Communist-implemented and successfully accomplishes the Communist objective of keeping the country triggered for chaos. Many would like to see the matter brought to a head. I have met none who even dream of a policy of appeasement, and from what I have seen of the Bretons, I cannot conceive that they ever would.

PERHAPS THE closest thing to a present solution, a course proposed by some of the most influential religious on the island, lies, as so often, in the sphere of reason. It is, first of all, to study vaudou both systematically and more honestly than the Church has heretofore studied it. Increasingly, the clergy realize that vaudou is too complicated a matter to be dismissed with a word of condemnation.

For one thing, vaudou has something to do with the cement that makes Haiti a society. Vaudou provides a common ground on which all can stand and recognize one another—something like advertising for Americans. But vaudou is more effective than advertising because to some extent it has some appealing features. At its rare best vaudou does provide men with a means for expressing joy and, by its orientation towards ancestors, can solidify family ties and bestow individual psychic security. Vaudou's establishment of relationships between man and nature leads a few serviteurs to an abiding sense of the fittingness of things, an attitude that many Christians aspire to attain. Nonetheless, it must be said that the policy of accommodating to vaudou, which priests accepted more or less for years, has not proved successful.

Part of the trouble is that the nature of vaudou cannot be entirely understood by an outsider. It has been especially difficult for Catholic religious, who interpret some of vaudou as satanism, to study it. Haitians, as ex-slaves in contact with white priests, keep it clandestine. Since 1864, most simple souls have gone along eagerly with a Catholic priest, saying, *"Oui, mon père,"* to every utterance he makes, but once out of his sight they have gone to the *houngans*. The priests have had to look the other way—and wait. *"Bon Dieu bon,"* say the peasants,

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meaning that they don't have to propitiate *"le bon Dieu,"* and that they must still take into account the frightening old gods who came over with their ancestors on the slave ships.

But the conspiracy of silence is not confined to the simple. The more a clear mind accepts *"le morceau du bon Dieu,"* the more need it may feel to hide the instincts that respond to vaudou. For despite the case one may make for vaudou at its best, it seems most of the time an inexcusably mean religion. Among the many Haitian novels I have read, only one (*Mimola,* by Antoine Innocent, published in 1906) portrays persons "practicing" for altruistic reasons. One keeps meeting the same dreary characters paying *houngans* exorbitantly to obtain vengeance, business success, love, or, in the case of some amulet-seeking American Marines, charms that will ward off bullets.

When to such complexities one adds the problems of skin color, of poverty, of a catastrophic and heroic history, and even of a hopelessly tangled language problem, one recognizes that implementation of a policy of "learning" can be a dynamic response. It is surely the policy dictated by reason. Economic, ethnologic, political, and historical disciplines can here reinforce the theological. After effective dissemination of knowledge, the Church will surely find a way to build on foundations of human nature and the truthful elements of "the sacred heritage," as vaudou is sometimes called.

The Italian Elections

Trend to the Left

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

THE GREAT SURPRISE of the Italian Elections was that the Communists drew roughly a million more votes than they did in the last national elections five years ago. To all indications the most surprised were the Communists themselves. The loss of about 750,000 votes by the Christian Democrats had been foreseen, and so had the spectacular gain of the Liberals, but not the Communist success. The Communists went into the election amid the embarrassing ideological confusion wrought by last year's Italian Communist Party Congress, and they faced the potent threat of a ruling party with leftist tendencies. Why, then, the dramatic gains?

First of all it has become clear that a great part of the Italian working class does not really approve the leftist trend of the Italian government during the last two years. As one of them put it: it is as if the employers founded a trade union and asked us to join; our interests are opposed and always will be. There also seems to be the old instinctive attitude of the working class that has been of such decisive importance in the past, and which can be summed up thus: there has to be a strong Communist Party as a counterweight to the powerful conservative forces in the country. It does not matter if the Communist Party is isolated within the opposition and never gets a chance to participate in government. The important thing is its "sheer weight."

In fact everyone knows that even a strengthened Communist party will not break the isolation that has gripped it for so long. And nobody believes that the Communists have now the slightest chance to form a popular front in order to reach power. Most observers agree that the million added votes came mainly from Left-wing Socialists who do not approve of their party's collaboration with the center and from the million young adults going to the polls for the first time. The majority of these new voters seem slightly to the left of their fathers. The general trend is undoubtedly to the left.

The practical result of the Communist gain is that the party will be able to increase somewhat the indirect influence on the government which it has exercised since the end of the war. Through agitation and threats, the party has been able to compel the government to take steps which from a Communist point of view are progressive, if not progressive enough. It is a thankless and frustrating function, as the credit for these progressive steps regularly goes to the government, but it is the only way the Communists can have any impact. It is the "sheer weight" again.

AND WHAT is behind the rise of the Liberals, who gained a million votes and increased their seats in Parliament from seventeen to thirty-nine? The answer is that a great part of the leading Italian bourgeoisie has abandoned the traditional right consisting of Monarchists and Neo-Fascists, at the same time abandoning Christian Democracy because of its leftist policy. The Liberal party has always enjoyed a high standing, but

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has been handicapped by its small size. Now from precisely these quarters comes the most murderous criticism of the government: Stop that silly "opening to the left" before it is too late!

Thus the elections have undoubtedly shown that neither the left nor the right is happy about the government's leftist policy. And yet it is generally felt that the only way out is to follow the same line as before. Quite independently of the general trend of the elections—which is to the left—both a rightist coalition including the Liberals and a center coalition including the Liberals are ruled out for technical reasons and because of the positions the different parties are committed to. Naturally surprises are possible, but odds are that we will see another attempt at collaboration by the Christian Democrats, Social-Democrats and Left-wing Socialists, who are expected to take a clear stand during their forthcoming congress.

The position of the Left-wing Socialists will be exceptionally strong. If they collaborate wholeheartedly, the planned new majority is going to be an exceptionally solid one; if they don't, there will be no government at all. Everything depends on their attitude, on what they will ask and what they will be offered. Until recently they collaborated with the Communists. It is obvious that they will be asked to sever the few remaining connections with their old allies, particularly on the level of the trade unions. There is no doubt of their will to do so. But on the other hand there is no doubt either about their neutralist tendencies. They can be counted on to do their utmost to avoid Polaris missiles for Italy.

Finally there is something else favoring some form of continued leftist government. It is the attitude of Pope John XXIII. Although he seems less and less interested in politics, and although he subordinates without hesitation the interests of the Church in Italy to the interests of the Church in the world, whatever Catholics may think about it, it is well known that he approves of the leftist government, at least as an experiment. This is a fact which the traditional Italian right and the oldtimers of the Roman Curia find increasingly hard to accept, particularly now after the elections. Just as it is difficult for them to see yesterday's Protestant heretics as today's separated brethren, it is difficult for them to see Communists, not as representatives of the Anti-Christ, but only as people in error who may well be in good faith.

Among these oldtimers the following nasty joke is circulating. One day a request arrives at the Vatican Secretariat of State for a private audience with the Pope. Upon investigation the gentleman requesting it turns out to be the Devil himself. The first reaction is naturally to turn down the request at once. But since strange things have happened in the Vatican in recent years, nobody is quite sure of anything any more and the request is forwarded to the Pope's private secretary, Monsignor Loris Capovilla. The Monsignor approves it at once. Why not, he says. After all that gentleman is only a separated angel.

One Man's Fancy

The Artist As Blimp

WILFRID SHEED

MORLEY CALLAGHAN's excellent memoir *That Summer in Paris* catches the peculiar flavor of expatriate life better than most memoirs. Paris in the twenties must have been a pretty good place to be stranded in, yet it seems to have secreted essentially the same sournesses as a hundred other European towns where American artists still swarm and fester. Joyce wasn't talking to MacAlmon; MacAlmon told nasty stories about Hemingway; Hemingway feuded with Fitzgerald. There is often this claustrophobic pettiness in expatriate communities, a compound of rivalry, scratchy nerves and seeing the same people at parties: you could call it the "what am I doing here" syndrome, complete with *angst* and a perfectly splitting headache.

Callaghan found that by the end of one summer he was beginning to feel displaced. This is fast going, but no record. In the South of Spain where we recently spent a year, alienation sets in almost immediately if it's going to set in at all. The new man may soon be disproportionately irked by the sloppiness and unproductiveness of the other artists: there is something devitalizing about just being around such people. Then, as his own production drops slowly off and his own sloppiness waxes, he may reverse himself and take a dislike to the two or three expatriates who really work: the placid men in straw hats who keep going to Gibraltar for more paint.

The discontent works itself off in different ways. If the visitor is a latter-day Fitzgerald (chances are fair on this) he suddenly finds himself wanting to wrestle all the people in the restaurant; plunging into an affair with a woman he doesn't even like; getting a little

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frightened at his loss of control. He knows that if he doesn't go home soon he'll be taking off his clothes at parties—and people will be saying, "that's just Fred, taking off his clothes."

Worse still, the more he behaves "like an artist" the less he seems to perform like one. His touch temporarily goes, and with it all sense of what he wants to do artistically. He begins to wonder why he bothers at all —well, he came here to paint, and he's known around town as Fred the painter, so he'd better keep on with it: but the creative impulse is down to a small twitch by now. The other painters come over and say, "Fred—do you mind if I'm perfectly honest with you?" The product of their combined self-disgust is the pettiness referred to above.

The other side of this caricature, living by now at "The Acacias, Torremolinos" because he can't stand what's happened to England, is the remains of Colonel Blimp, the stage-philistine backing onto the stage-artist. Their cases are not as dissimilar as they might look. For Blimp too has lost his bearings. He too has spent his life billeted in countries that he has no feeling for, and which he has adapted to his own convenience. While this was going on, his own country was growing away from him, so that when he finally got back to it, he was out of place there too and even laughed at. A Moroccan friend tells me that the French-colonial type is pretty much like Blimp in this respect, a figure of fun at home and abroad. Unlike the Church, he is a Roman to the barbarians and a barbarian to the Romans. (The English version is the victim of a peculiarly cruel hoax, because organs like the *Times* and the *London Illustrated News* may have given him the impression that he was keeping in touch right along with a changing Britain. But the *Times* is a Blimp among newspapers; it too has been billeted in a country—in this case England—in whose life it has no real share; it too exists in a state of arrested development.)

The tragedy of Blimp is that by now he would be no more at home in Edwardian England than he is in Rhodesia or Spain. Development is never really arrested: a man who tries to remain Edwardian will wind up being a caricature of Edwardian, with all the characteristics insanely exaggerated. He expands in a vacuum without reference to the facts, without reference to any living culture, a monstrous, pathetic distortion (Favorite author: Rider Haggard. Favorite composer: chap who wrote tararaboomdyay, what the deuce was his name?).

IT IS NOT stretching a point to say that the expatriate-artist is faced with a similar blockage, leading to similar sterility and malformation. Owing to the difference in sensibility, his response will be diametrically different. Blimp blames England for having changed, blames the world and the wogs and the decline in discipline. The artist turns ultimately on himself and tears at his own insides. He senses that he has somehow cut himself off from the main thing. He has lost sight of his audience and of his competition (he may even, like Hemingway, have lost his grip on the langauge). He can, of course, pick up the latest trends from three-months-old magazines—but a trend in art is not just a constellation of tricks: it is the result of pressures and influences, and these he no longer feels. The expatriate can imitate woodenly, remaining avant-garde by the skin of his teeth; but he will not fool the people whose work has burst genuinely out of a real social, historical setting; if they come to Spain, he will not know how to talk to them. They will find him "arty." (Just as Englishmen find Blimp too English to be true, English from memory.)

In other words, living abroad is an art that few people master. If you live "off the people," like a colonizer—and many quite liberal Americans and British do just that—you will find yourself cut off gradually from all sources of life, becoming an exotic, a freak, a sterile eccentric. (The floppy hat, the clothes that belong to no time or place, are a chilling symbol of this.) The sensitive man will feel it happening quite early on and will want immediately to wrestle all those fat fools at the bar, to start a fire in the washroom—anything to show he is still alive.

The alternatives would seem to be either, a) to make a wilful renunciation, followed by a conversion to the new place, learning the language, sneering at nothing (except possibly the other tourists), drawing life and ultimately ideas from the same sources as the natives feed from: becoming, like El Greco, a naturalized artist. Or b) like Joyce, to hammer out "in silence, exile and cunning" your own tradition: not trying to keep up with anybody, so sure of what you want to do that nothing can confuse or derail you. Merely to describe the task is to indicate its difficulty and to point out the fantastic psychic constitution needed to bring it off.

A third choice would be just to go home after the first scene in the restaurant, the first accident with the kerosene can, which might come anytime from three weeks to two years after arrival: by then you will either have given up your painting or become hopelessly grafted to it, and you will not yet be a synthetic creation, a more sensitive Blimp, when you get home.

None of this has changed much. Morley Callaghan seems to have got back in time. Scott Fitzgerald got back more or less in time. Ernest Hemingway kept on wandering and wound up, in the persona of Colonel Cantwell, the greatest Blimp in American letters: an aesthete-colonial to end all aesthete-colonials, half-poet, half club-bore, inevitably and tragically a figure of fun.

(Wilfrid Sheed, the author of "A Middle Class Education," contributes a monthly column to these pages.)

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THE STAGE

Mea Culpa

THE THEATER being in the condition it is, there doesn't seem to be any excuse for a drama critic to miss one of the few occasions on which it is possible to do a bit of cheering. Yet I somehow didn't get around to a play called "The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker" until the other day. It had opened at the beginning of the season, I had been unable to attend on second night and for one reason or another I never caught up with it. But lately several colleagues of mine have been advising me that the play is very much worth seeing, so I swallowed my embarrassment at asking for tickets eight months late and shamefacedly took my place in the audience.

I'm happy that I did. "Beebee Fenstermaker" isn't a tremendous revelation nor does it blaze any new technical paths, but it is a solid, intelligent piece of work, full of clear, sustained feeling and informed by an acute sense of what it means to be alive at this moment in this place, that is to say, now, in America, where the meaning of existence is fuzzier than almost anywhere else.

This is doubtless due to the fact that we strain so hard, that we are oppressed with a need to establish an identity and a communion with others, things that should flow naturally from a life and not be chased after. For William Snyder, the author of "Beebee Fenstermaker," the headlong pursuit of love and identity is a fatal enterprise, like the direct pursuit of sleep; it doesn't work and it leads to a disaster that is the quintessence of what one has sought to avoid.

Snyder's heroine is a young, ambitious, romantic girl just out of college and established in her first tiny apartment in some nameless city. She is writing a novel, but when her savings give out she is forced to get a job, hopefully one which "won't drain her too much" and which will leave her time for her "creative" work. She of course ends up by working full-time and writing in the evenings, but it is gradually made clear to her that she really hasn't much literary ability, so she switches to painting, for which she isn't terribly well endowed either. Eventually, her hopes and aspirations burned away, she comes to an acceptance of her condition, which includes the inability to create a permanent relationship with a man because of her overwhelming need for absolute union.

"I don't want to know every thought in your head, and I don't want you to know every thought in mine," her boyfriend tells her as he prepares to cut out. He is a marvelous portrait of a perennial observer and philosopher-manqué, the sort of person Greenwich Village is full of, who has been living off Beebee and directing her literary efforts. But whatever his own absurdities he is right about Beebee and his departure leads her first to a swift decline, represented by beer-cans strewn around the untended apartment and an almost total isolation from the world, and then to a kind of resurrection—the beginning of a fragile, undemanding relationship with a stranger. If this development, which ends the play, seems a good deal less convincing than what has gone before, it doesn't ruin the work, which has piled up enough credit to carry it through.

Snyder has also written a counterbalancing element into his drama: on a platform behind the main stage Beebee's mother and aunts talk about their own lives, the scenes being interspersed with those in which her drama unfolds. The effect is to give perspective to that, rooting Beebee's life in a set of small-town narrow origins which help account for her fatality and at the same time setting up a contrast between the alluring life of the city and its possibilities for personal aggrandizement and the equally selfish but at least familiar existence which she understandably but ruinously fled.

The cast is a superior one. I didn't see Rose Gregorio, who created the part of Beebee and who, I am told, did a superlative job, but Ann Wedgeworth, her replacement, seemed to me entirely satisfactory. Among the others, Kate Harrington as one of the aunts and Stanley Beck as the boyfriend stand out, while Fred Kareman is especially fine in a minor role. "Beebee Fenstermaker" is uneven and somewhat discordant, but in the drought of our time it looms like a particularly rich, green bush. (*At the Sheridan Square Playhouse*)

RICHARD GILMAN

THE SCREEN

"Look, Brothers"

I HAD the good fortune to attend a preview of "I Am With You," the four-part series on the history of the Catholic Church and its ecumenical councils, which is being presented on the Catholic Hour on the Sundays of May. Produced by the National Council of Catholic Men and the National Broadcasting Company, the series as a whole is extraordinarily impressive for its great scope in covering some two thousand years of Church history and the twenty-one councils and for its effective handling of a wealth of material that had to be concentrated into four half-hour programs.

No doubt producer Richard J. Walsh, for NCCM, and producer-director Martin Hoade, for NBC, had enough material and film, which was shot in eight countries of the Middle East and Europe, for a series of many times this length. It is to their credit and to that

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of their excellent staffs that "I Am With You," with its total two-hour running time, has caught so well in sight and sound the Catholic Church—its spirit and beauty, its problems and perils and its divine promise, "Behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

Except for the fourth part, which is necessarily somewhat static and talky in dealing with the current Second Vatican Council, "I Am With You" is remarkably lively and successfully combines motion picture and television techniques. After all, the series is primarily designed for television; and Joseph Vadala's beautiful photography of places, people, statues, pictures, architecture, and ruins has been so well integrated with Philip Scharper's carefully-researched and superbly-written script and the music arranged and composed by Ralph Burns that the whole film often gives the impression of events actually happening in the present. Much of the credit for this should go to film editor John Teeple and his staff, who knew what to keep and what to cut.

Part one, "The Beginnings," moves with reverence from the Garden of Gethsemane through the Fourth Council in Constantinople in 869, with lovely shots of Byzantine art in Constantine's city. Part two, "The Middle Ages," continues the story to the fall of Constantinople in 1453, covering the Four Lateran Councils and others, with stirring scenes of Rome and Florence and the settings of monasteries and places connected with Benedict, Francis, Dominic, Thomas Aquinas, and shots of the Palace of the Popes at Avignon.

"I Am With You" is by no means all sweetness and light. Nor does it avoid errors and wrongs. In part three, perhaps the most interesting one of the series, called "The Renaissance and the Reformation," script and camera deal with the beauties of Florence, Ghiberti's fine bronze doors on the Baptistry, Michelangelo, Fra Angelico, as well as with Savonarola, the rise of Protestantism, Luther, Calvin, and the Council of Trent, the most important of Councils to date.

Although part four, "The Age of Renewal," which discusses the First Vatican Council and concentrates on the opening of the Second Vatican Council, is more lecture-like than the other parts of the series, it too has its inspiring scenes: an interview with Cardinal Bea, the shots of the final meeting of the Central Preparatory Commission, and many stunning views of Pope John. The entire series of "I Am With You" is appropriately dedicated to His Holiness and his inspiring words: "By God's grace we shall hold this Council; we shall prepare for it by working hard at whatever on the Catholic side most needs to be healed and strengthened according to the teaching of our Lord. When we have carried out this strenuous task, eliminated everything which could at the human level hinder our progress, then we shall point to the Church in all her splendor, without stain or wrinkle, and say to all those who are separated from us, Orthodox, Protestants, and the rest: 'Look brothers, this is the Church of Christ.'"

It is unfortunate that television is such an ephemeral medium. The impressive spiritual and artistic achievement of "I Am With You" deserves more than a here-today-gone-tomorrow showing. It is hoped that its TV appearance will be repeated—or that the fine films could be re-edited into a movie for theatrical showings—or perhaps its script and visuals could be saved permanently in book form. As a book, it would lose the film's sounds, narrator Norman Rose's eloquent reading, and Ralph Burns' music; but it would gain the still larger audience it merits.

TWO OTHER documentaries, now on our movie screens, were both recent Oscar winners. I'm not sure that "Black Fox," which won the feature-length documentary award, was worthy of this honor. But then again, perhaps it was the best of the offerings. In any case, it tells again the story of the rise of Adolph Hitler and the Nazis. Although this story has been told before and better, I suppose it is one that we should be reminded of from time to time, so that history, in spite of the adage, won't repeat itself. But this version, produced and directed by Louis Clyde Stoumen, who also wrote the narration, uses a trick and parallels the Hitler crimes and cunning with the twelfth-century folk tale as adapted by Goethe in *Reynard the Fox.*

Illustrations by Wilhelm von Kaulback, that appeared in the Goethe book in 1846, and drawings by Doré and other artists, are skilfully used by Stoumen during the course of his display of Nazi horrors. Although some of this is effective, and the narration is extremely well done by Marlene Dietrich, the whole is so obviously a stunt that it detracts from the seriousness of the theme. Let's not try to be clever about Hitler and man's bestiality.

MORE worthy of its Oscar is the British short documentary, "A Tribute to Dylan Thomas," produced and directed by Jack Howells. Using mood photography of Swansea Town and London and the many beaches and parks and pubs frequented by the poet, the film recreates the Thomas background in visuals while Richard Burton reads the narration. Burton appears from time to time during the course of the picture, but his greatest contribution is his lovely reading of the poems. We hear Dylan Thomas' recorded readings too—and the whole effect is quite moving. Readers familiar with Thomas' life and his poetry may find the short a bit pretentious and arty, but those coming on this Welsh dreamer afresh will be struck with the film's beauty and with its happy melding of sight and sound and may even look up the Thomas poems. They are certain then to agree with the Tribute's closing quotation: "though lovers be lost, love shall not, and death shall have no dominion."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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CORRESPONDENCE

Papal Infallibility

Edgeley, N.D.

TO THE EDITORS: The Commonweal ought to be congratulated on opening its pages to so eminent a Protestant theologian as Dr. Robert McAfee Brown. He is making a vital contribution to the Dialogue now in full swing. However, may I call the good Doctor's attention to a slight ambiguity in presenting the case for a progressive clarification of the "meaning" of dogmatic pronouncements, in his March 1 column. To quote him: "It would appear that there is far from one opinion within the Catholic Church as to what a given doctrine 'means.' The fact that the next session of the Second Vatican Council may extend the meaning of the definition of infallibility to include the other bishops as well suggests that we have heard far from the last word on this matter. . . ."

Dr. Brown, I am sure, knows that infallibility does extend, even now, to "the other bishops," united in council with the pope. Perhaps, what he had in mind was that some time in the future another pope—or council united with the pope—might, as Cardinal Newman envisages, complete the definition of the Dogma of papal infallibility by making a *preliminary interrogation of the Church by the pope* an integral and essential part of the definition itself. This, in my humble opinion, would make reunion that much easier. *(Rev.)* ULRIC J. PROELLER

Reply

Stanford, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: I pointed out in my column that it is difficult for a Protestant to be sure he understands the meaning of infallibility. Father Proeller's letter makes clear that I continue to illustrate that difficulty. Either I expressed myself very clumsily in the paragraph he quotes, or I am just plain wrong.

My understanding of the matter is that the Vatican Council of 1870 did not finish its work and dealt with only part of the *schema* on the Church. Thus it defined the authority of the Bishop of Rome but did not get to that part of the agenda dealing with the relationship of his authority to that of the other bishops. Presumably Vatican II is going to deal with the latter issue next fall.

Surely to the popular mind (Catholic as well as non-Catholic), and in the vast majority of Catholic writings, the impression is given that the dogma in question is the dogma of "the infallibility *of the pope.*" But if his relationship to the other bishops is more fully clarified by the Council, this will mean, as I understand it, that it will become more accurate to speak of "the infallibility *of the church.*" This would not resolve Protestant difficulties about infallibility *per se,* but it would at least put the whole Catholic discussion in a rather different key, particularly *vis-à-vis* Eastern Orthodoxy.

That this would represent an elaboration of the dogma of Vatican I, rather than a "change," seems to me defensible in terms of the insertion in the 1870 definition of the statement that the Roman Pontiff ". . . operates with that infallibility with which the divine Redeemer wished that *His Church* be instructed in defining doctrine on faith and morals. . . ." (Denzinger, para. 1839)

ROBERT MCAFEE BROWN

"Breaking the Silence"

TO THE EDITORS: May I congratulate you on your March 29th editorial "Breaking the Silence." I heartily agree that the time has come for the hidden abuses of Catholic higher education to be brought out into the light, because these abuses do exist and are part of the reason this system is not all that it should be.

Before mentioning the abuses, however, it might be useful to point out areas that are generally thought of as lending themselves to abuse but which as a matter of fact in Catholic colleges are relatively free from it. First there is the question of academic freedom in the classroom, the right of the professor to teach his own ideas in his own way. In Catholic colleges this is limited only by the admittedly broad boundaries of the basic faith and ideals of Catholicism itself, and within these is almost completely free. There may of course be isolated institutions where the opposite may be true, but by and large, there is little grumbling amongst the faculty about lack of freedom in the classroom. When there is any difficulty in this regard it is usually outside the classroom, in some public forum as a lecture series, such as at Catholic University.

Nor is there much difficulty, generally speaking, in Catholic institutions as far as the spirit of faculty coexistence is concerned. The mutual charity and respect, the kindness and thoughtfulness that is displayed not only amongst the faculty itself but also between the administration and the faculty on a purely personal level is usually remarkable. . . .

So we must give credit where credit is due all the while that we are ready to point out the abuses that do exist. These flow in large measure from the clerical or better, religious-order psychology that dominates these institutions. The two main problems that need to be aired are, in my opinion, insufficient faculty participation in the decision-making processes and the lack of really sincere and concrete encouragement by the administration of specialization and research by the faculty.

The difficulties surrounding faculty participation in the academic decision-making process at Catholic institutions springs not from malice on the part of the

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clerical superiors but from their psychological framework as members of and superiors in religious orders. They are accustomed to the clear chain of command in a religious community, to authority and corresponding obedience on the part of members of the community, and they are frequently unable to prevent the transfer of such categories to their academic communities. Attempts therefore by the faculty to insist on the formation or encouragement of standing committees with real power to make academic decisions within specific areas, a taken-for-granted right of the faculty in most non-Catholic institutions, are too often treated as minor rebellions against "authority." When they are acceded to, things are usually arranged in such a way that it is made clear to them that their committee's mandate is "advisory." . . . .

Here is an example of this problem seen from the point of view of a religious authority external to the institution itself, which is another facet of the same question. In one college the members of a particular department had been debating for years their examination procedures, which were different from those of all other departments. Finally a vote was taken after discussion at a department meeting and a substantial majority voted to align their procedures with those of other departments. This went to the Dean who approved it in principle, but who submitted it to the Board of Departmental Chairmen and to the Academic Advisory Board composed of non-administrative personnel. Both of these groups approved the changes unanimously. It then went to the President who also approved it.

When this decision was routinely passed on to the Regional Religious Superior, who had never taught in a college, who lived a considerable distance away and whose only real contact with the problems of this complex college was the few days he spent there each year seeing the religious community, he vetoed the changes in the name of "tradition." This of course caused consternation and understandable bitterness amongst the lay faculty, especially those who had participated in the decision. They felt that not only was this last decision wrong in itself, but that in making it some sort of academic due process had been violated and that in either case there was absolutely nothing they could do about it.

Perhaps the time has come for the formation of some sort of national Catholic committee on such questions which would have investigatory powers and could function as a court of appeal in such cases. Such a committee, if it could do nothing else, could at least censure publicly such practices, for frequently such publicity is enough to bring them to a halt.

The other area of difficulty also springs from the religious commitment of the institutions themselves. . . . The fact of the matter is that many religious administrators have still not gotten clear in their own minds the difference between intellectual development and character formation. Consequently they tend to stress the "teaching" aspect of their institutions, the importance of "contact" with the students, the importance of helping those "less gifted" amongst them, the necessity of continued physical expansion so that more and more students can be admitted to the "healthy moral atmosphere." It is not that these aims are not laudable in themselves, but they are not all directly academic and in any case when they are so stressed that the importance of the development of the basic disciplines by genuine research receives little attention, then something is seriously wrong.

How often do the faculties of Catholic institutions find themselves listening to talks by Presidents and Deans on the importance of research and then find constant refusals when they attempt to follow this out by asking for lighter teaching loads, grants-in-leave, sabbaticals, provision of secretarial help, fully adequate library facilities, particularly of periodical material. . . .

This brings me to my final point. Your editorial suggests that the professors in such institutions should now come forward and reveal some concrete instances of such things so that public opinion will force a correction. Some may do this, but I doubt if many will. The reasons are simple. Those who are religious are subject to prior censorship or at least the religious authority of those very administrators whose academic policies they would be trying to criticize. The lay faculty, without any real policy-making voice, would leave itself open to the full wrath of the administrator's displeasure. The number of ways a determined administrator can make life miserable for someone he wants to punish are many. All are short of dismissal which would have certain legal complications, but can be very unpleasant nevertheless and all legally buttressed by "legitimate" though extraneous reasons. Frankly, I don't think it is fair to ask a group of men and women to commit professional suicide for the benefit of the next generation. It is precisely this problem that has created the wall of silence up until now. . . . NAME WITHHELD

"Sit-In at Georgetown"

Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITORS: The reflections of a graduate fellow on Dr. Kearns' indictment of my university are: First, the sit-in demonstration is a specific technique to obtain a specific end; it is unfortunate that those who refuse to adopt the technique are accused of being "indifferent to problems of racial justice." One is reminded of those extremists who charge the rest of us are indifferent to the problem of Communism because we do not support a second invasion of Cuba. The reception given by Georgetown students to the hun-

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dreds of Africans and Asians studying here is a far more meaningful—if less "dramatic"—testimony to our solidarity than Dr. Kearns' suggestion for "demonstrations."

Second, it would indeed be encouraging if Dr. Kearns (and his fellow faculty members and Commonweal's editors) would expend some proportionate measure of anger over the injustice done to their fellow Catholics by the inequitable distribution of federal educational funds. One suspects this issue is not sufficiently "dramatic" for Dr. Kearns and would not relieve the "general inferiority complex of lay teachers in their dealings with clerical administrations."

WILLIAM J. PARENTE

Palo Alto, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: Is it possible that Francis Kearns' basic premise ["Sit-in at Georgetown," April 19], which equates "agitation for racial justice" with commitment to the spirit of the social encyclicals, is not universally held to be valid? There are those who hold that racial justice is most effectively served by increased participation in political rights and economic boycott. Could there possibly be an element of grandstanding about the sit-in which does little to solve the basic issues and possibly might in fact just serve to complicate their ultimate solution?

Furthermore, it is quite possible that there might be something downright immoral about a college student's taking advantage of his "special situation as a student," going uninvited and uninformed into a different cultural community, stirring up a hornet's nest for people who intend to make it their home and then, upon graduation, beating a retreat across the Mason-Dixon Line to the security of his affluent society. Since when did the end start justifying the means?

Currently completing a graduate year at Stanford University, I fail to find any greater commitment on the part of its undergraduates towards this aspect of racial justice. Even with the current discussions within the city on discrimination in rental policies, there has been little or no student participation despite the comparatively greater student liberty in student government, student news media, and "sense of community." Increasing freedom does not necessarily mean increasing responsible activity.

I, for one, support the Georgetown Administration and have confidence that they will continue a policy of increasing responsiveness to *rational* student and faculty opinion. The Administration's concept of authority, discipline and obedience prepared me well for the world in which I live and for the secular university I now attend. From this concept, I received a sense of personal commitment and an informed social conscience; it just does not happen to coincide with that of Mr. Kearns—does that make it wrong? Perhaps the question which Mr. Kearns actually intends to pose is this: What is the true role of the lay faculty in a clerically administered university?

RICHARD A. STRATTON

Reply

Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITORS: Mr. Parente profoundly underestimates the intelligence of the average African exchange student if he thinks the African is deceived by the moral hypocrisy of an attitude which welcomes the foreign Negro in native garb but is indifferent toward the indignities suffered by the American Negro. And, though Catholics may suffer an injustice through the inequitable distribution of federal education funds, he can hardly compare this to the myriad injustices suffered by the Negro in housing, employment, exercise of the franchise, and in so many other areas. Furthermore, Mr. Parente's separatist view, the idea that there are Catholic problems and American problems and that Catholic problems come first, is precisely the view that Paul Blanshard and the P.O.A.U. point to in arguing that the parochial school is a divisive force in American life and undeserving of federal aid.

Mr. Stratton's application of the "outside agitator" argument to the Georgetown sit-in is not appropriate, since several of the demonstrators are residents of the Washington area; and they can hardly be charged with interference in "a different cultural community" for having taken a fifteen-minute walk from their campus to a segregated restaurant in Arlington, Virginia. The difficulty with the "outside agitator" gambit as applied to America's race problem is that it tends to reduce to a regional matter what is obviously a national problem. Carried to its conclusion, this argument implies that constitutional rights are subject to modification according to local custom and that moral principles may be varied with geography.

Moreover, the "outside agitator" line perpetuates the myth that the South is monolithic in its view of the race problem. Does Mr. Stratton find no difference in the reactions to integration at Clemson and at Ole Miss? And when he refers to a Southern "cultural community" does he refer to that of the white man or the Negro? Many informed Southerners, such as Ralph McGill, of the *Atlanta Constitution*, concede that the only progress towards civil rights in the South has been that brought about by the "outside" pressure of the federal government. Furthermore, since many Southern newspapers distort or ignore important civil rights developments and since television documentaries on the race problem have been "blacked out" in the South, do not "outside" college students perform an important service in reminding Southerners that the race problem is a national, indeed international, problem? Finally, if Mr. Stratton's logic is employed, is

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Christ, a Nazarene, to be condemned as an outside agitator for marching into the "different cultural community" of Jerusalem and "stirring up a hornet's nest"?

If Stanford students show no great interest in social justice despite the fact that they enjoy relatively greater freedom than students on Catholic campuses, then they seem to be the exception to a general rule. One could point to an article by Father Laurence Murphy, editor of *World Campus,* to the writings of Justus George Lawler, to editorials in *America,* and to essays in the Catholic student magazine, *Today,* to support the observation that Catholic campuses lag behind their secular counterparts in zeal for social justice. Moreover, the fact that Stanford students are not interested in the race problem would certainly not justify a similar indifference by students at Catholic schools.

Mr. Stratton may rejoice that a Catholic university has well prepared him to be satisfied with the world he lives in, but I wonder if this ought to be the primary function of a Catholic school. I am reminded of Cardinal Suhard's *Growth or Decline?*: "The problem is to build a new world, to define and prepare the structures which will permit man to be fully man, in a City worthy of him, to transfigure all things in order to make of them a Christian world."

In reply to Mr. Stratton's contention that "increasing freedom does not necessarily mean increasing responsible activity," let me refer him to a recent *America* commentary on *Pacem in Terris* by John Courtney Murray: "The whole burden of the encyclical is that the order for which the post-modern world is looking cannot be an order that is imposed by force, or sustained by coercion, or based on fear . . . the Pope makes clear that freedom is *the* method for the 'realization' of order in human affairs as well as a goal of the order itself."

Just what objection Mr. Stratton and Mr. Parente have to the device of the sit-in is not made clear by their letters. (Incidentally, despite Mr. Parente's claim, I did not in my original article nor do I here contend that those who refuse to adopt the sit-in technique are guilty of indifference.) Both correspondents seem to distrust the device but it is interesting to note that neither can summon any defense for such distrust beyond a vague feeling that the sit-in involves "grandstanding" or is too "dramatic." Neither writer specifies any moral precept which the sit-in violates. As Paul Ramsey indicated in *Christian Ethics and the Sit-In,* the problem of whether the sit-in is a legitimate means of implementing social justice is a complex one but there is more than adequate grounds for a Christian defense of the device.

I find an abiding irony in this questioning of the sit-in, since, more than many other means used in the struggle for racial justice, the sit-in is the instrument of responsibility and love. Dr. Martin Luther King has clearly defined the philosophy of the sit-in demonstrators: "Do to us what you will and we will still love you. We will meet your physical force with soul force. You may bomb our homes and spit on our children and we will still love you. But be assured that we will wear you down with our capacity to suffer."

While Messrs. Parente and Stratton question the legitimacy of the sit-in, the Negro grows more impatient with the white community's hardness and questions Dr. King's emphasis on non-violence and love. More and more, a recent *Newsweek* survey reports, the Negro is attracted to the Black Muslim's emphasis on hatred and violence. The danger, according to one white Atlanta civil-rights worker interviewed by *Newsweek,* is that the Negro may forego non-violent action and "conclude that there is nothing so persuasive as a mouthful of knuckles."

When Mr. Stratton questions whether agitation for racial justice can be equated with commitment to the spirit of the social encyclicals, I suspect he is disturbed by an even deeper question: are these encyclicals presented to the Catholic as a call to action or as an abstract academic exercise? Catholics may choose to view a social encyclical as a "venture in triviality," just as Babbitt chose to view Christ as a model Rotarian. But this decision can hardly be squared against the words of Pius XII: "The call of the moment is not lamentation but action; not lamentation over what has been, but reconstruction of what is to arise and must arise for the good of society."

FRANCIS E. KEARNS

BRESCIA COLLEGE
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A Song in Friendship

(for E)

The long night settles on the hearth
And we are as we were before
And what we painfully thought we were
Can never in the day endure.

Never to kiss while the night listens
Or lie together, sharing heat,
While, on the mantle, the cruel clock glistens:
You stare; I stare; and we are not.

Be with me now. Morning will come,
Pause in its quiet light, and note
The hand that moves to write this poem,
And seize illusion by the throat.

RICHARD M. ELMAN

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Adult Children's Books

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES

"HOW CAN I tell what stories to pick out for my children?" "What will they like?" "What books are there that I can read aloud night after night—and bear it?"

I am always being asked these questions by parents who know I have experience in the children's book field. Often they are bookish people themselves. Yet they seem to think that children's books and grownups' books are two very different things. They have the idea that children's reading tastes are so different from their own that they won't be able to tell what children will enjoy. Also they fear they'll be bored to death by the books they read to their children, particularly their younger children.

My answer is always: "Go to the library. Look at the children's books—really look. If you enjoy a book in all likelihood your child will too." Children's reading tastes are much the same as grownups' tastes. Children like a good story; they like action, information, characterization, a vision of the world within and without. There is little they are not interested in reading about, for the entire world is new and thrilling to them.

Words are new to them too. They love words and they love good writing. "Your child probably has better literary judgment than you do," is my final word to the surprised parent. This is particularly true of younger children. Young children won't sit still for long. Stories for them must be pared down to their essence. Every word must count. The plot must march right ahead to its climax. Test a story by reading it aloud and watch for the wiggles. You'll soon find out which books have extraneous descriptions, sidetracks that don't belong, or paragraphs of fuzzy thinking.

I often think of a picture book story as being like a poem. A *good* picture book catches the heart of some experience. It uses language with great skill. Simple words are a necessity as the child's vocabulary is small. But what variety that can be achieved! Simple words are the backbone of the English language.

Why then do so many parents, particularly new parents, fear children's books are going to bore them? Perhaps they've gotten too grown-up. Perhaps they've forgotten what it's like to be a child. Or perhaps they've seen too many third-rate children's books for sale in "5 & 10's" and supermarkets.

Children's books have come to be a big business. The output of juvenile publishers today is so great that inevitably many children's books published each year are poor or mediocre. Librarians have the skill and time to evaluate the books they order, but the supermarket owner doesn't. The majority of the books he carries are very disappointing. Bright color takes the place of imaginative illustration. The story is often no story at all. As a result the new parent gets a bad introduction to children's literature.

The publishers of these inexpensive books deserve thanks, however, for supplying books at a price the average person can afford. Now the thing for parents to do is to demand better books at the same price level.

WHAT SORT of fiction should parents demand? I feel the greatest need is for good everyday stories about everyday people. Authors seem to shy away from these, perhaps because they take the most insight. But children, like grownups, are more interested in themselves than in anything else. Human relationships and human endeavors fascinate them. It is only their immediate world that is different from the adult's. For the child, high adventure may be a trip alone to the corner store. His love affair may feature a pet, a new friend, a place, or a parent.

A children's writer must be able to see life through a child's eyes, changing his vision with the age of the child. If the author is successful the reader will know it—his own childhood will be recreated for him.

Recreating the life of a small child involves all the senses, an ability to see life freshly as if for the first time. Marie Hall Ets is an author-artist with unusual success in the difficult picture book field. It is a delight to have a new book by her this spring, *Gilberto and the Wind* (Viking).

Some of the best of today's fiction, adult or juvenile, is in the field of story books for 8 to 12 year olds. Unfortunately the worst fiction written today is teenage fiction. There are exceptions; certain junior novels are excellent and we are lucky to have a number of these this spring. But only too many of the teenage books, particularly the modern stories dealing with dates, summer jobs, school and college, are slick and trite. The characters have the most superficial of values and interests; I would hate to meet them.

Whatever the age of a child, parents shouldn't feel that books must teach a lesson. Children hate being lectured at or talked down to. They are quick to discard

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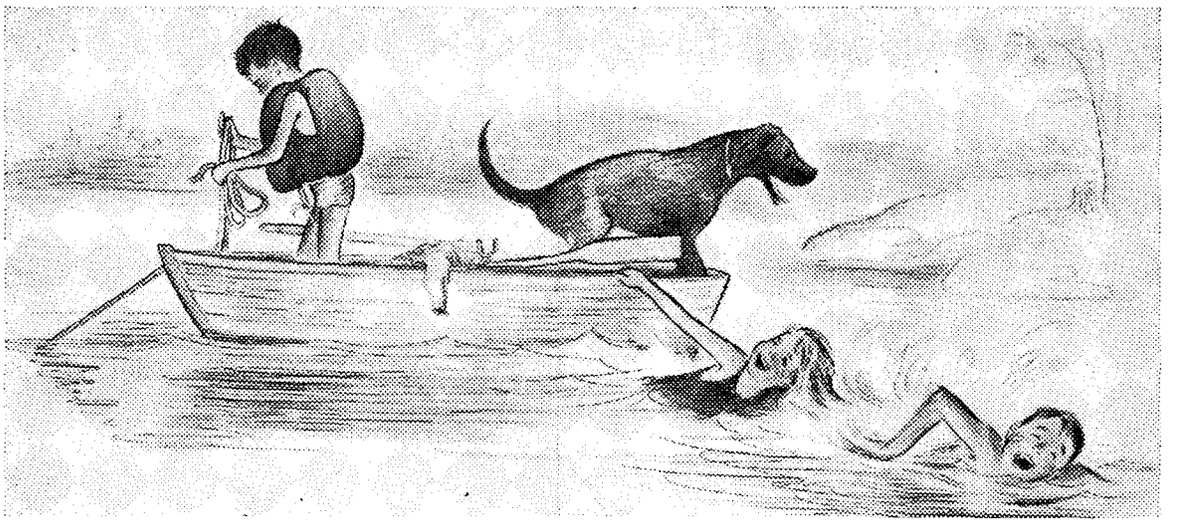

From "The Life Savers" (Norton)

"phony" stories full of ever-smiling mothers, fix-it fathers, and never squabbling sisters and brothers. Puppets make poor preachers. A great work of fiction will inevitably mirror the author's values and vision. It doesn't have to point a moral.

Children should have books about naughty youngsters. It's hard being ordered about by grownups all the time. Tales of rebellion and mischief delight youngsters and help them let off steam. In addition, parents should give a child some of the books they enjoyed when they were young. Most children's fiction dates much less quickly than adult fiction. Children aren't concerned with the latest vogue, or the best seller. They are concerned with good stories, and good stories last.

Children's stories may not sell as well the first year as new adult fiction but they usually stay in print much longer. The children's librarian and the children's bookseller will reorder a good book many times. Writers for children are in a lucky position. They should do their best to create the books of insight and imagination that the children await so eagerly—books that will be read and reread.

A Selected List of Children's Books

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES

RELIGION

The Art of Lands in the Bible. By Shirley Glubok. Designed by Gerard Nook. Atheneum. $3.95.

Excellent, large photographs and concise, lively text combine to make a handsome and valuable book. The art objects from the Near East make life in the Biblical era vividly immediate. Ages 8 up.

The Way of the Shepherd: A Story of the 23rd Psalm. Written & illustrated by Nora S. Unwin. McGraw. $2.50.

The words of the 23rd Psalm gain meaning for little Reuben when he becomes a shepherd's assistant and watches old Azor lovingly guard his flock. Sensitive color illustrations. 6-10.

Oh . . . Brother Jupiter. By Rex Benedict. Ill. by Joan Berg. Pantheon. $2.95.

A gentle, wise and humorous retelling of stories from *The Little Flowers of St. Francis.* Drawings add appeal. All ages.

Martin de Porres: Saint of the New World. By Ellen Tarry. Ill. by James Fox. Farrar. $2.25. 9-14.

The Man Who Found Out: The Story of Gregor Mendel. By Gary Webster. Ill. by Greg & Tim Hildebrandt. *The Door of Hope: The Story of Katharine Drexel.* By Katherine Burton. Ill. by Irene Murray. *Wings of an Eagle: The Story of Michelangelo.* By Anne Merriman Peck with Frank & Dorothy Getlein. Ill. by Lili Rethi. *The Tall American—The Story of Gary Cooper.* By Richard Gehman. Ill. by Albert Micale. Hawthorn. Each $2.95.

Four of the new Credo Books, a continuing series of well-researched, popularized biographies dramatizing lives of a variety of men and women—baseball players, musicians, doctors, priests, nuns, emperors—"people great in spirit, courage and effort . . . whose faith helped them lead remarkable lives." 10-14.

Words from the Exodus. By Isaac Asimov. Ill. by William Barss. Houghton. $3.25.

This etymology of Bible words ("gypsy" from "Egyptian," among others) awakens interest in history, language study and the Bible itself. Young people will find this an exciting treasure hunt, and will be led to Asimov's earlier *Words in Genesis.* 11-16.

PICTURE BOOKS

Gilberto and the Wind. Written and ill. by Marie Hall Ets. Viking. $3.

A little boy plays with his friend, the wind, in many ways on many days. A deceptively simple story that will please little children for many years to come. The drawings have the same sureness as the text.

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Karen's Curiosity. Karen's Opposites. Both books written and ill. by A. and M. Provensen. Golden. $1.95.

Clear wash color pictures with grace and verve. Books the youngest can turn and "read" for themselves. 2-5.

The Great Circus Parade. Written and ill. by Evelyn M. Curro. *Good Night Mr. Beetle.* By Leland B. Jacobs. Ill. by Gilbert Riswold. *The House That Jack Built.* Adapted by Donald Cooke from old drawings by Frederick Richardson. *Big Frogs, Little Frogs.* By Patricia K. Miller & Ivan Seligman. Ill. by Lee Ames. Holt. Each $1.95.

Four of the 16 new "Little Owl Storybooks" that Holt is introducing this season. They begin with stories without words, such as the colorful circus parade for 2-5, then brief, rhythmical stories such as the good night poem, go on to slightly longer stories for 4-8, among them the Mother Goose rhyme, and to very simple science books. The books are slight but well designed, have imaginative color illustrations and reinforced bindings.

Spring is a New Beginning. Written and ill. by Joan Walsh Anglund. Harcourt. $1.95.

Gentle yellow and green pictures of delicious days of seedlings, ducklings, new life, new hope and new fun. 3-6.

Tigers in the Cellar. Written and ill. by Carol Fenner. Harcourt. $3.

A little girl was sure there were tigers in her cellar, especially at night, and to be sure up the stairs they prowl one midnight—but to her surprise they become her friends. Genuine child imaginings, skilfully told and pictured. 4-7.

The Sky Was Blue. By Charlotte Zolotow. Ill. by Garth Williams. Harper. $2.95.

Charm, nostalgia and a happy warmth between mother and child as they leaf through an old photograph album. Little girls will particularly enjoy the delicate color drawings and the well-chosen, rhythmical words. 4-7.

Trouble is a Cat. Written and ill. by Ann Kahl. Luce. $3.25.

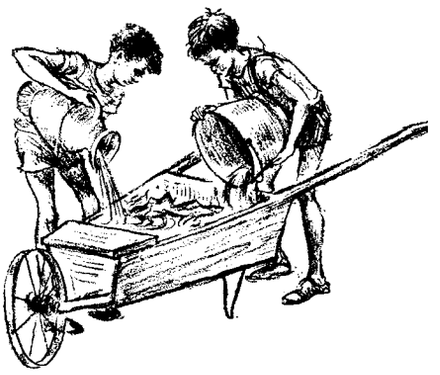
Bold, childlike, blockprint illustrations in three colors and a brief, witty text about a black cat beloved by all the children (but not always their parents). 4-7.

She Loves Me . . . She Loves Me Not. By Robert Keeshan. Ill. by Maurice Sendak. Harper. $1.95.

The old daisy game just in time for a new plucking. What hope, despair and smug delight Sendak achieves in his skillfully simple drawings! Grown-ups may appreciate this even more than children.

Prince Bertram the Bad. Written and ill. by Arnold Lobel. Harper. $2.95.

Naughty princes and spell-casting witches have seldom been written about with such glee. Just the right detail in the crisp, humorous text and the equally sure and witty three-color illustrations. 4-8.



From "The House of Many Colors" (Abelard-Schuman)

Ski Pup. Written and ill. by Don Freeman. Viking. $3.50.

A Saint Bernard, trained to rescue skiers, ends up in need of rescue himself. Large bright pictures of a children's ski class in the Alps. 4-8.

Dan McDougal and the Bulldozer. By Lydia Pender. Ill. by Gerald Rose. Abelard. $2.75.

A roisterous, lyrical tale of a little man, Dan, and his enormous friend, "Dozer," who leave the Australian outback for the big city only to find "home is the place for me." The text is by an Australian poet who knows small boys' fondness for machines and the vigorous color illustrations are by a winner of the Kate Greenaway Medal. 4-8.

Olaf Is Late. By Joan Lexau. Ill. by Harvey Weiss. Dial. $2.75.

Fun and frenzy as Olaf tries to remember why he was late to school. 5-8.

The Life-Savers. Written and ill. by Anne Cleveland. Norton. $2.75.

It was humiliating to Sandy when Aunt Martha thought he couldn't swim and ordered Jeff and Jane and Noah, the retriever, to guard him for the rest of his visit at the lake. Finally Sandy has his chance to prove he can swim—but underwater—and that he can even retrieve retrievers. Humor, reality and a plot that marches right along. My children asked for this seven nights in succession. 5-8.

Hans and Peter. Written and ill. by Heidrun Petrides. Harcourt. $4.50.

It's too bad this large, unusual book has to be so expensive, for the story of two boys who fix up a little house for themselves and the fresh richness of the color pictures (both by a 15-year-old European girl) are immensely satisfying. "She certainly knows what children like!", my 8-year-old said.

EASY READING

Hop on Pop. Written and ill. by Dr. Seuss. Random. $1.95.

Not a story but fun phonetics for the first half of the first grade.

The Secret Three. By Mildred Myrick. Ill. by Arnold Lobel. Harper. $1.95.

Mix together three boys, their club, code messages sent in a bottle, a secret handshake, an island lighthouse, a night spent tenting on the beach and you have a highly satisfying story. This first-time author is a real find. The color drawings by Arnold Lobel, with their freshness, humor and insight, help make this one of the very best of the "I Can Read Books." Another clever one this spring is *Greg's Microscope* by Milicent E. Selsam, also illustrated by Lobel. 5-9.

Little Antelope. Written and ill. by Berta and Elmer Hader. Macmillan. $3.

Magic in the Natural History Museum as Johnny spends a day hunting with an Indian family there. Authentic details of Blackfoot life and lovely wash paintings. 5-8.

Lotta on Troublemaker Street. By Astrid Lindgren. Ill. by Ilon Wikland. Macmillan. $3.50.

Lotta is mad at her mother, her sister and brother, and her sweater and she leaves home—for a day. Astrid Lindgren weaves her usual magic in this delightful tale. The type is clear and big and the three-color pictures are absolutely perfect. This will last and last. 5-9.

Happy Birthday, Mom. By James S. Ayars. Ill. by Elizabeth Donald. Abelard. $2.50.

Molly, who wanted a pet very badly herself, just knew Mom would like two baby chicks for her birthday. A warm family-animal story with soft illustrations in blue and gray. 6-9.

New Boy in School. By May Justus. Ill. by Joan Balfour Payne. Hastings. $2.95.

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A Negro boy in an all-white class gradually comes to feel at home in a new school. A warm, realistic story by a Southerner who knows how scary a new school can seem to any child, Negro or white, and how being friendly is the best way to make friends. 6-10.

The House of Many Colors. By Helen Kay. Ill. by Lilian Obligado. Abelard. $2.95.

Simple on the surface but rich in dimensions is this lively and poignant story of two Italian boys who triumph over many difficulties and paint their shabby apartment house. "Most beautiful!" they say (the pictures show the many colors) and it's not only the building that is transformed; the painting has created a new neighborliness. 7-10.

Eli Whitney: Great Inventor. By Jean Lee Latham. Ill. by Cary. Garrard. $2.50.

An intimate, dramatic picture of the "handy handy man" who went on to become one of our greatest inventors, written with style and simplicity by a Newbery Medal winner. Also in this series: a thrilling saga of *Peary,* one of the best books Erick Berry ever wrote, and a moving account of *Jefferson* and his family by Ann Colver. 7-10.

STORY BOOKS

Tina and the Latchkey Child. By Jeanna Oterdahl. Ill. by Birgitta Nordenskjold. Harcourt. $2.50.

A pleasing, old-fashioned story of two girls, one rich, one poor, and of their friendship which blossoms to include both families. 7-10.

Aunt America. By Marie Halun Bloch. Ill. by Joan Berg. Atheneum. $3.50.

Poignancy and wisdom in this beautifully written story of a family in occupied Ukraine and how the visit of an aunt from America helps little Lesya realize that it's better to rebel and be poor but free inside than to kowtow and be comfortable like Uncle Vlodko. 8-11.

Jean-Claude's Island. By Natalie Savage Carlson. Ill. by Nancy E. Burkert. Harper. $3.50.

Rich in characterization and humor and distinguished by a warm friendship between old and young is this story of a boy on a St. Lawrence island whose "well-made head" is always getting him into trouble. Sensitive drawings. 7-11.

A Dog Called Scholar. By Anne H. White. Ill. by Lilian Obligado. Viking. $3.

Originality, satire and outrageous escapades with a golden retriever who loves everyone in town, and his doting family who save him from an awful future. 8-12.

Holiday at The Dew Drop Inn. Written and ill. by Eve Garnett. Vanguard. $3.50.

Great fun with the Ruggles children. 8-12.

From "The Congress" (Morrow)

The Loner. By Ester Wier. Ill. by Christine Price. McKay. $3.75.

The Bible story of David helps an orphaned farm boy find his place in the world. 9-12.

The Boundary Riders. By Joan Phipson. Ill. by Margaret Horder. Harcourt. $3.

Hardship, courage and adventure as three Australian children get lost in the hills. 9-12.

Pitcher and I. By Stephen Cole. Ariel. $2.95.

Two boys at boarding school. 9-13.

FANTASY AND FOLKLORE

The Seven Ravens. Retold from Grimm. Ill. by Felix Hoffman. Harcourt. $3.75.

Lovely, large, seven-color lithographs, many double-spreads worthy of framing, accompany this sensitive retelling of the Grimms' tale of the girl who searched the world for her seven brothers, turned into ravens. Distinguished bookmaking. 5-10.

You Never Can Tell. A Chinese Legend. Adapted and ill. by Janice Holland. Scribner's. $3.25.

A farmer and his wife, their son, their horse, and the villagers are the characters in this wise and rhythmical tale of mixed blessings. Wash paintings with a misty dreaminess. 5-10.

The Griffin and the Minor Canon. By Frank R. Stockton. Ill. by Maurice Sendak. Holt. $3.00.

Consternation and comedy as the last of the griffins visits a medieval cathedral town and through his ferocity, and his friendship for the gentle minor canon, reforms both young and old alike. Suspense, whimsy and wisdom, and three-color drawings delightfully witty and grim. All ages.

The Disappearing Dog Trick. By Scott Corbett. Ill. by Paul Galdone. Atlantic-Little. $3.25.

Is Mrs. Graymalkin a witch and is the chemistry set she gives Kerby really a magic set? Whatever it is, it helps Kirby find his lost dog. Fun for 7-11.

Fables from Aesop. Retold by James Reeves. Ill. by Maurice Wilson. Walck. $3.50.

Dramatic, idiomatic versions of Aesop's tales attractively printed and paged with strong yet sensitive illustrations in clear color and b & w. 7-11.

Martin Pippin in the Daisy Field. By Eleanor Farjeon. Ill. by Isobel & Morton Sale. Lippincott. $3.95.

"It is never time to stop wondering," says Martin Pippin. There are 294 pages of poetic wonderment in this attractive new edition. 8-11.

The Teaspoon Tree. By Mary B. Palmer. Ill. by Carlotta Dodge. Houghton. $2.75.

Traditional and modern fantasy combined as Andalusia marches in quest of the teaspoon tree. The commuting animal and the lady who names things are among those who help her. The Pooh-like drawings are just right. 8-11.

Joy Is Not Herself. By Josephine Lee. Ill. by Pat Marriott. Harcourt. $2.95.

A most original, witty and pleasing creation by a gifted new writer who mixes witchcraft and reality with rare success. 9-12.

HISTORICAL STORIES

Viking Adventure. By Clyde Robert Bulla. Ill. by Douglas Gorsline. Crowell. $3.50.

The training of a Viking boy and then the rich reward: a voyage to Vinland. A dramatic, easy-reading story. Distinguished drawings. 8-11.

Determined to Be Free. By Cateau De Leeuw. Ill. by Don Lambo. Nelson. $2.95.

An exciting story of the Revolution and spying near West Point. 10-13.

Ice Falcon. By Rita Ritchie. Norton. $3.50.

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Treachery, disappointment and danger as young Kurt the falconer travels in a Viking warship to Iceland in search of his kidnapped Saxon father. 10-14.

The Keys and the Candle. By Maryhale Woolsey. Ill. by Don Bolognese. Abingdon. $3.

A boy scribe in an early English monastery in a time of change. Young Lady Maia plays a part too. 10-14.

Surgeon's Apprentice. By Theodore Koob. Lippincott. $3.50.

Rich in characterization, action and interesting detail is this story of a nineteenth-century Virginia surgeon's son and how he overcomes his fear of operating. 10-14.

A Golden Touch. By Annabel and Edgar Johnson. Harper. $2.95.

Intrigue, rivalry and camaraderie in a roaring gold town form the background of this rich, rounded tale of a boy prospecting with his father, whom he hasn't seen since infancy, and whom he must learn to trust. 10-14.

Hakon of Rogen's Saga. By Erik C. Hauggard. Ill. by Diane & Leo Dillon. Houghton. $3.

This seems to be the year for books on the Vikings, and *Hakon of Rogen's Saga* is the most outstanding. A boy battles to regain his birthright and to bring his people back to honor, courage and love. Told with great power and lyricism by a master storyteller. 10-15.

Mohawk Gamble. By Julia Brown Ridle. Harper. $3.50.

A fascinating novel, based loosely on the life of Pierre Radisson, who was captured by the Mohawks. 12-16.

The Faraway Lurs. By Harry Behn. World. $3.

A story of the Bronze Age. A daughter of the gentle Forest People falls in love with a boy of the warring Sun People. Original, poetic and strong. 12-16.

JUNIOR NOVELS

The Feather Star. By Patricia Wrightson. Ill. by Noela Young. Harcourt. $2.95.

A sensitive, absorbing story of a girl vacationing by the sea and of her new understanding of the sorrows and delights of human relationships.

Pursuit in the French Alps. By Paul-Jacques Bonzon. Ill. by Margery Gill. Lothrop. $3.

Spring Books from Scribners

Evaline Ness

JOSEFINA FEBRUARY. Life becomes complicated for a Haitian girl who adopts a burro. Illus. by the author. Ages 4-8.
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Anna Kopczynski

JERRY AND AMI. A small boy and his dog grow up together and are best friends. Illus. by the author. Ages 3-7.
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Elizabeth Olds

LITTLE UNA. A rhinoceros becomes hilariously involved in a city election. Illus. by the author. Ages 4-8. Tr. Ed. $3.25 SLB $3.12 net

Virginia Kahl

THE BARON'S BOOTY. The Duke and Duchess and their thirteen daughters are back! Illus. by the author. Ages 4-8.
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Louise Lee Floethe

SEA OF GRASS. Billy Panther goes fishing in the exotic Everglades. Illus. by Richard Floethe. Ages 5-10. Tr. Ed. $3.25 SLB $3.12 net

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Alice E. Goudey

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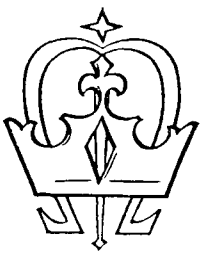

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The Moon by Night. By Madeleine l'Engle. Ariel. $3.25.

A new novel by the Newbery Medal winner about a fifteen-year-old girl and her family camping out across the country. It had been a difficult year for Vicky, leaving childhood behind, but the summer brings new experiences, her first boy friends, and new appreciation of the spiritual values her family holds.

From "Prince Bertram the Bad" (Harper & Row)

Make Way for Lauren. By Nancy Paschal. Westminster. $3.25.

A stepmother and stepsister spell trouble at first for motherless Lauren but, in time, happiness as they make friends.

Stranger in the House. By Zoa Sherburne. Morrow. $3.25.

A novel that treats a mother's mental illness with naturalness and integrity. When the mother returns from a mental hospital, the daughter finds the readjustment almost harder than her mother does, but gains a new maturity in the process.

Miriam. By Aimee Sommerfelt. Criterion. $3.

A full-fledged and moving novel of two girls in occupied Norway during World War II. One of the girls is Jewish and with subtlety and honesty the story shows the evils of prejudice to both hater and hated. The warmth and courage of the families, the naturalness of the girls, and the perception of the writing make this unforgettable and distinguished.

BIOGRAPHY

Marco Polo. By Charles P. Graves. Ill. by Ray Keane. Garrard. $2.75.

A thrilling account of Marco Polo, ever curious, ever adventurous, ever the storyteller. One of a new series of "World Explorer Books" published by Garrard which have good type, good bindings, maps and two-color illustrations. *Magellan* by Lynn Groh, in the same series, is an excellent biography by a promising new writer. *Columbus* by Mervyn Kaufman pictures the explorer in simple but vivid language. 8-11.

Last Queen of Hawaii: Liliuokalani. By Hazel Wilson. Knopf. $3.25.

Tragedy and happiness too in this vivid, personal story of Liliuokalani and the many changes the Americans brought to Hawaii in her lifetime. 10-14.

The Fingerprint Man. By John Rowland. Roy. $3.25.

The first life of Sir Edward Henry ever written. Henry developed our system of classifying fingerprints and became famous at Scotland Yard. 10-14.

Dear, Dear Livy. By Adrien Stoutenburg & Laura Nelson Baker. Scribner's. $3.50.

Fragile, loving Livy and how her life was changed when she became the wife of lively Mark Twain. A poignant picture of their home and children. 11-16.

Uncas: Sachem of the Wolf People. By Virginia Frances Voight. Funk. $3.50.

Uncas, leader of the Mohegans in the 1600's, courageous, farseeing, a friend of all—even the settlers—who would let his tribe live in strength and freedom. Features a detailed account of daily Indian life. 11-16.

The Woodrow Wilson Story: An Idealist in Politics. By Catherine Owens Pearce. Crowell. $4.50.

A full, mature and enthusiastic biography that should last. 12-18.

Alexander the Great. By Charles Mercer. Ill. with photos, paintings, maps, etc. American Heritage. $3.95.

A re-creation of Alexander, his world, his conquests, and his dream of a world state. A vigorous, detailed picture of the brilliant, romantic leader. 12-80.

OTHER LANDS—PAST AND PRESENT

Lee Lan Flies the Dragon Kite. Text and Photos by Ralph Hermanns. Harcourt. $3.50.

Wonderfully decorative, expressive color photographs and a sensitive, detailed text tell of daily life in Hong Kong. 6-10.

Marko Lives in Yugoslavia. By Astrid

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Lindgren. Photos by Anna Riwkin-Brick. Macmillan. $2.50.

An appealing, down-to-earth story of two Yugoslavian boys. A warm, intimate picture of village life and the photographs have such depth and loveliness and such a sure eye for the child's world, that they deserve to be exhibited. 6-10.

Castle, Abbey and Town. By Irma Simonton Black. Ill. by W. T. Mars. Holiday. $2.95.

How people lived in the Middle Ages. An attractively designed book that not only gives facts about castle, abbey and town but a good story about each as well. Many drawings. 9-12.

Cambodia: Land of Contrasts. By Ruth Tooze. Photos. Viking. $4.

A thoughtful, up-to-date history of a people on the rise, written with a warm feeling for their rich culture. 12-16.

Journey Behind the Iron Curtain. By Robert Westbrook. Photos. Putnam. $3.50.

An American teenager's summer in Russia with his schoolmates. Sketchy and immature in places but refreshing reporting. The informal talks with Russian students and the hope they seemed to share for co-existence. 12-16.

Afghanistan: A World Background Book. By Christine Weston. Photos. Scribner's. $3.95.

A fascinating and handsome book. 12-18.

Land of Promise. By John L. Field and Lloyd A. Dennis. Ill. by Allistair Maitland. Abelard. $4.50.

Dramatic incidents and rich detail highlight this thorough and excellent history of Canada up to 1800. 12-18.

THE UNITED STATES

Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon, Zion. Rocky Mountain, Mesa Verde, Carlsbad Caverns. Yellowstone, Glacier, Grand Teton. Yosemite, Sequoia, King's Canyon, Hawaii. By Frances Wood. Color Photos. Follett. Each $1.95.

Four of Follett's new "Our National Parks" series. One wishes the books were longer but they do give a good capsule view of the different parks and will be helpful to families planning summer trips. Striking color photos. 6-12.

The Congress. By Gerald W. Johnson. Ill. by Leonard Fisher. Morrow. $2.95.

The fourth and final volume in this lucid and excellent series about the

From the youngest...

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By VIRGINIA H. ORMSBY. Strange things happen the summer Lee takes care of his uncle's right-handed horse. Ages 8-12. $3.50

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By W. W. ROBINSON. *Illus. with photographs and map.* A lively account of America's fastest growing city. Ages 9 up. $2.95

...to the teens

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By THEODORA KOOB. The story of a young man apprenticed to his surgeon father in rural Virginia in the early 1800's. Ages 12-15. $3.50

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Stage Coach Days. By VICKIE HUNTER and ELIZABETH HAMMA. The story of how stagecoaching developed. 8-12. Cloth: $2.95. Paper: $1.25. *A Sunset Junior Book.*

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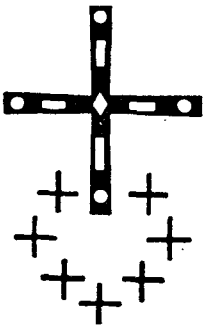

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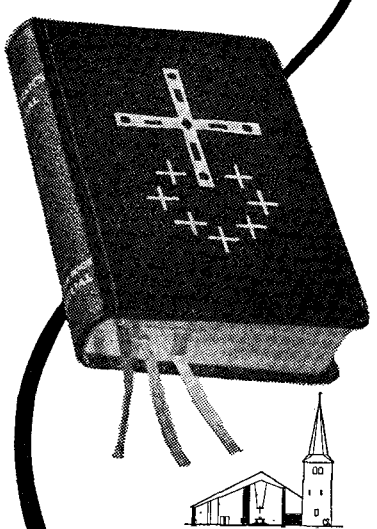

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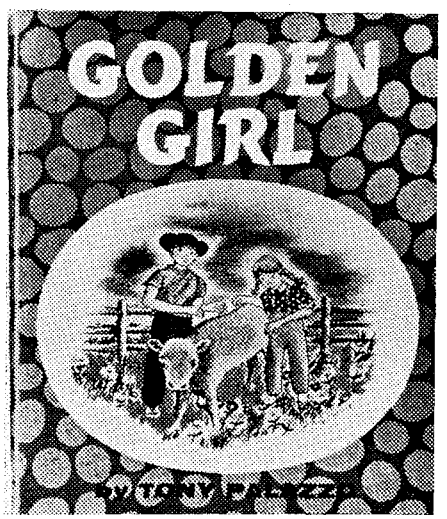

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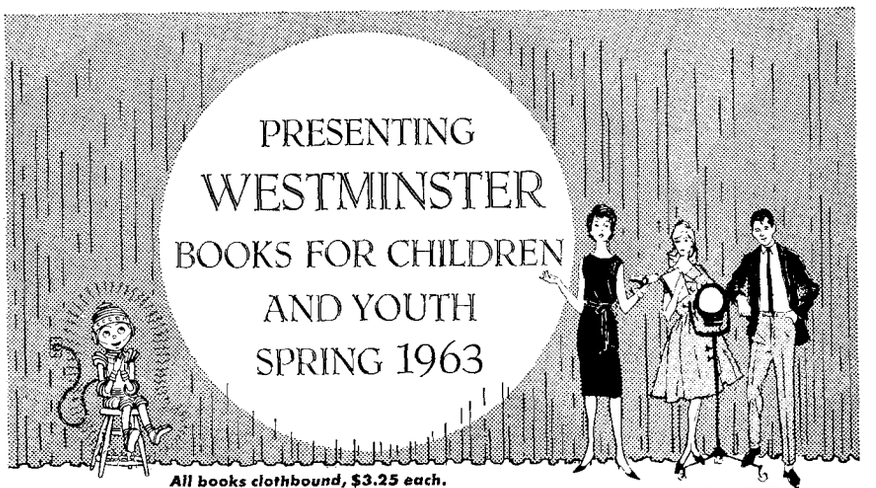

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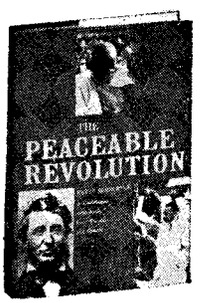

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Yet in the thirty-eight years since its founding, the editors of The Commonweal have never looked upon its unofficial status as a handicap. On the contrary it has served to emphasize a vital requirement of Catholic life: that in his day-to-day life the Christian is called upon to apply, as a fallible man, his religious principles to the flux and flow of human events. As a Catholic he has the help of the teaching authority of the Church, whose obligation it is to enunciate and explain those principles. In the end, however, it is the individual himself who must apply them, who must give them life and relevance in the market-place.

Thus when The Commonweal speaks out on a specific problem of the temporal order—on "public affairs, literature and the arts"—it does not represent *the* Catholic position, but only *a* Catholic position. At times, no doubt, the views of the editors may closely tally with those of a majority of American Catholics; but at other times—and they are not infrequent—they may be shared by very few. Such considerations of popularity are irrelevant. What matters is that our opinions make some contribution to the common good. In this sense, controversy and debate have been inherent in our role. That is as it should be: vigorous debate is crucial for free men. . . .

If the problems of American Catholics have changed drastically over the years, one change is especially noteworthy. Prior to the 1950's—though a great residue remains—American Catholics were prone to be defensive about their religion. There were good reasons for this: the forces of nativism seemed a permanent part of American life. What this meant was that a considerable part of Catholic thought was devoted to showing the compatibility of Catholicism and democracy. It also meant that Catholics were apt to ignore their own deficiencies.

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It is this drive for confrontation which has earned for The Commonweal the reputation of being a "liberal" weekly. It is not a description we would disavow. On the contrary, as nothing else ever could, the great wisdom of Popes Pius XII and John XXIII seems to us to have swept away forever the notion that the Catholic must only protect and preserve; or that the modern world is alien to the Church. No: the Catholic must be a "man for all seasons." That is what we stand for.

—from the February 15th issue

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